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THE I. AND II. BOOKS

OF

THE ODES OF HORACE.

THE I. AND II. BOOKS
OF THE
ODES OF HORACE,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

THE CARMEN SÆCULARE,

AND

APPENDIX.

BY

HUGO NICHOLAS JONES.

Nec olim,
Omnia, quæ fovere *Augusti* tempora, nostro
Conveniunt Genio, nec honore ferentur eodem
Reddita : sed propriæ sensus, quos continet autor,
Qui docet, hic interpres erit.

ROSCOMMON *De poetis transferendis.*

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TO THE HONOURABLE

HENRY GEORGE HUGHES,

ONE OF THE BARONS OF HER MAJESTY'S COURT OF EXCHEQUER
IN IRELAND.

MY LORD,

I DEDICATE to you the following pages, fully conscious how undeserving they are of such distinguished patronage; and with every sentiment of gratitude and regard,

Believe me,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most obliged and faithful Servant,

HUGO N. JONES.



ERRATA.

Page vii (Preface), line 7, *for* secundus, *read* secundis.

„ xvi „ first line (note), *for* Ode LII., *read* Ode XXXVI.

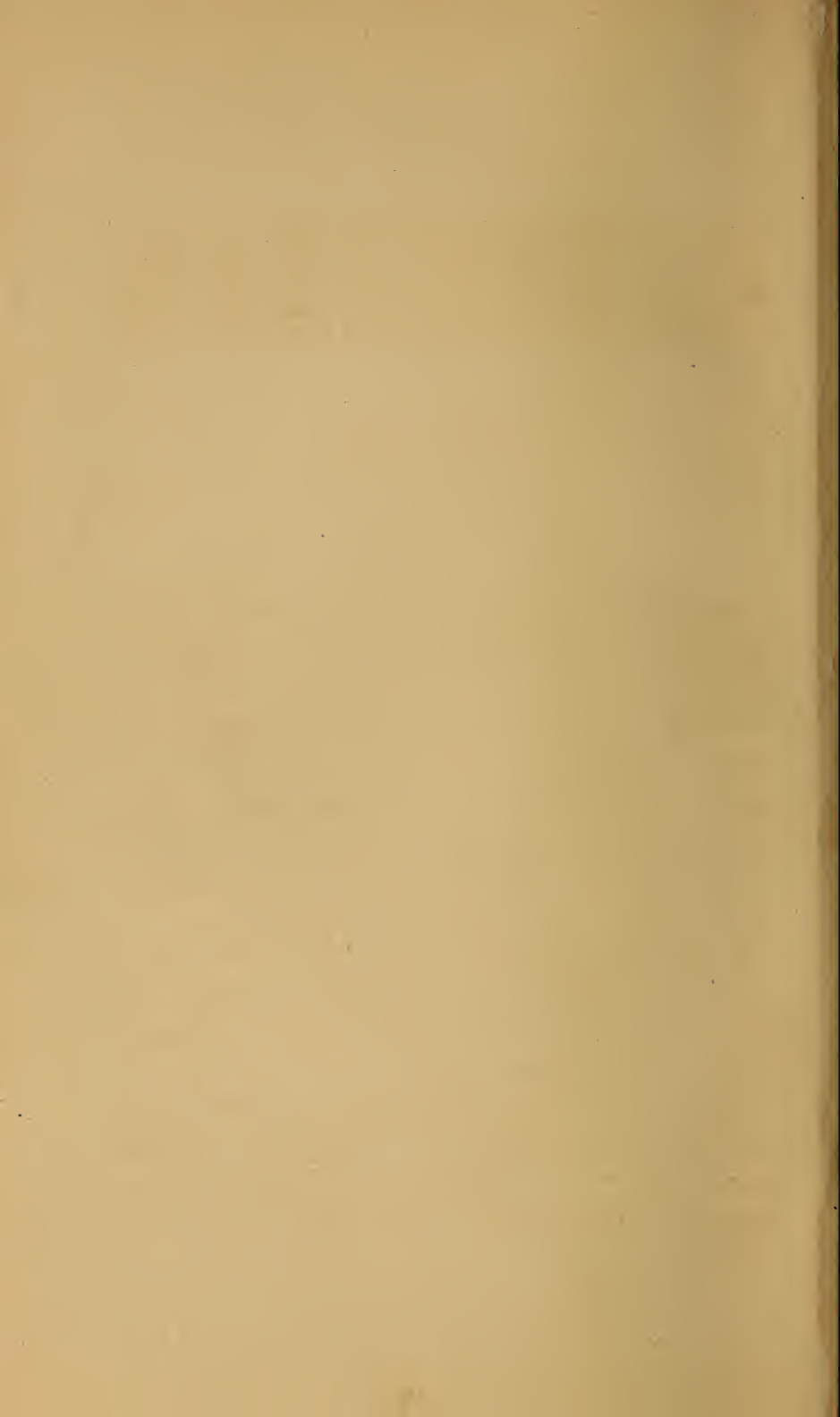
„ xxxvi (Adv.), line 3, *for* *Seculare*, *read* *Sæculare*.

„ 11, last line, *for* Ode XXIII., *read* Ode I.

„ 41, line 12, *for* reflection, *read* refection.

„ 42, „ 4 from the bottom, *for* and like the Romans, etc.,
read and which, like the Romans, etc.

„ 84, „ 3, *for* Decian, *read* Dacian.





P R E F A C E.



F an apology be deemed necessary for an attempt "to translate the untranslatable," what excuse shall the author of the following pages offer to an indulgent Public?

What apology has he to offer to himself? Does conscience reproach him with time misspent, and shall the too candid critic confirm the accusation?

As to the first, his plea is leisure and retirement, which required, and found in a congenial labour, an employment that served at least to fill up the blanks of time, and afford a welcome variety, to chequer the occupations of a country life, and the occasional resources of the chase.

"A Horace in English like Horace in Latin," says the *London Quarterly Review*, "would be something beyond price. Noblemen, Diplomatsists, Statesmen and Bishops, as well as poets and scholars, have

trodden the same ground." The peculiar difficulty of translating an author, who shines in the graces of expression, rather than copiousness of thought or depth of feeling, one, distinguished as his last translator tells us, by "a simplicity, monotony, and almost poverty of sentiment," lies principally in the exercise of those powers that are called upon to supply the deficiency.

In imitating the conciseness of his author, Mr. Conington has displayed a wonderful mastery of his own language, and in overcoming its inflexibilities, has shown us how its iron can become malleable in the fire of a superior genius. But this is the peculiar gift that must separate his performance from the rivalry in which others may be involved. The instances are not a few, in which the native idiom, if made available, will give opportunities of condensing even beyond the original itself. We should not hesitate, within certain limits, to expand the expression, when at the same time we are developing the idea; but nothing can be more foreign to the genius of our author than that straggling verbosity, the "*inanium turba verborum*,"¹ in such violent contrast to the great models of classic antiquity. When copiousness of thought preserves its natural richness in comprehensiveness of expression, we need aspire no further; for it is worse than useless to aim at coercing a language beyond its capabilities of

¹ Quintilian.

compression,¹ but rather to submit to those natural prolixities, for which there will be found so many opportunities to compensate.

In the Preface to Lord Ravensworth's translations, we find this remark: "Who can translate the following stanzas without some degree of expansion and circumlocution, '*Sperat infestis, metuit secundus,*' down to '*Tendit Apollo?*'" I find, on examination, that Mr. Connington has kept within the limits of the original, the last line in each stanza, corresponding in brevity with the Adonic of the Latin. The following translation of this Ode, which is avowedly an effort at mere condensation, without actually omitting any portion of the original, I take the liberty to submit in this place.

BOOK II. ODE X.

Licinius, would'st thou mend thy ways,
And free from envy pass thy days,
A middle course will shun the shock
Of stormy wave or hidden rock.
Nor proud nor mean thy habitation,
The golden rule is—moderation.
The pine's vast bulk, the mountain's height,
The storm will shake, the thunder smite,
And more tremendous is the fall
Of the tall turret's tottering wall.
The breast well disciplined, will ne'er
In weal presume, in woe despair;

¹ brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio.—Hor. Ep. ad Pis.

The God that rules the storm and calm,
Inflicts the wound, and pours the balm :
The same that sped the arrow's ire,
Unbends the bow, and strings the lyre.
Put the best face on things, but mind,
Should veering fortune raise the wind,
However fair, in boisterous skies,
Take in a reef, if you be wise.

The writer in the *London Quarterly* of October, 1862, makes the following very judicious observation : "The task," he says, "is so very difficult, of translating Horace in any way, that no sensible man will lay down rigid rules as to what ways are admissible, and what are not." This is a latitude, however, that I would rather accord to others than myself.

"Nicety is everything," says the same writer : to preserve the niceties of Horace, requires the rigid observance of some rules which cannot well be overlooked. A scattered style of versification would be utterly out of place ; clearness and regularity, together with harmony of numbers, are the peculiar characteristics of Horace ; the expression, as Mr. Connington says, "of obvious thoughts in obvious tho' highly finished language," as opposed to "the exuberance of over expression, a constant search for thoughts that shall not be obvious, and words which shall be above the level of received conventionality." This severe stricture on a prevailing style of composition, coming from the classic pen of so able a writer,

cannot be without its due influence in matters of criticism and taste. It is this style which Blair describes, as “wandering thro’ so many different measures, with such a variety of long and short lines, corresponding in rhyme at so great a distance from each other, that all sense of melody is utterly lost.”¹

Doctor Johnson tells us that “the *essence* of verse is order and consonance:” and elsewhere, that “enthusiasm has its rules, and that in mere confusion there is neither grace nor greatness.”² I cannot resist quoting here the observation of M. De la Motte, “Si on les en croit, l’essence de l’enthousiasme est de ne pouvoir être compris que par les esprits du première ordre, à la tête desquels ils se supposent, et dont ils excluent tous ceux que osent ne les pas entendre. . . . Il n’y auroit ni commencement, ni milieu, ni fin, dans son ouvrage; et cependant l’auteur ce croiroit d’autant plus sublime, qu’il seroit moins raisonnable.”³

Everything Horatian is opposed to this. Horace demands from his translator an elegant perspicuity, as opposed to magniloquence and obscurity.

¹ See also Aristotle, De Poetica, ἐξ ἀπαντων των μετρων ουκ ηδη και ποιητην προσαγορευτεον. The literal adoption of this expression by Horace, in the Ep. ad Pis., is remarkable.

“Cur ego, Poeta salutor?”

² The same author says, “This lax and lawless versification so much concealed the deficiencies of the *barren*, that all the boys and girls caught the pleasing fashion, and those that could do nothing else *could write like Pindar*.”

³ Discours sur l’Ode. Tom. I.

On the subject of analogous metres, the consciousness of inferior scholarship warns me to be silent; neither should I dare to criticise in others what I am unequal to myself. He who, to an arduous undertaking, can afford to superadd difficulties of his own creation, may well be pardoned the ambition that may have prompted it. It is admitted that our author applied all varieties of metre to all varieties of subject. Why not the translator?

Among the evils of systematic adaptation, let us take the instances, wherever they occur, of short lines succeeded by long. Nothing sounds more inharmonious to an English reader; and here it is that the fault becomes prominent, of consulting "rather the eye of the scholar than the ear of the unlearned reader."¹ The tendency, as the same writer with much nicety of criticism observes, "to represent the shape rather than the sound of the particular couplet or stanza."

If, according to Blair, "an attempt to construct English verse after the form of Hexameters, Pentameters, and Sapphics" be indeed "barbarous," criticism (should pretensions so humble be found to elicit it, whether for good or evil) will probably bear severe testimony to the success of the following attempt, in vindicating this opinion. It will be perceived, however, that I have observed the only rule of classic

¹ Black. Mag., Aug. 1863, p. 191.

metre that it is possible to apply to English, which we understand by *position*.

BOOK I. ODE XXXVIII.

Boy, I detest barbaric apparatus;
 Make me no garland braided with the linden;
 Seek not one last sad solitary rose that
 Haply may linger.

Let the pure myrtle twine us each a garland,
 So it will suit thee, bearer of the wine cup,
 Me, while carousing under yon o'erarching
 Shade of a vine tree.

The endeavour to naturalize the Hexameter is as old as the Tudors; and the virgin representative of that most ancient British stock did not withhold her hand from this reformation of English poetry. Stanihurst, Sydney, Harvey, and other literary heresiarchs, are now forgotten, or only known to the curious; and Southey in our own day has repeated their experiment, and participated in their oblivion. So thoroughly different is the genius of the two languages, as to render them in this respect utterly irreconcilable with what Philosopher Square would call "the fitness of things." It may be said, by way of precedent, that the Latins in their turn imitated the versification of the Greeks, as the Greeks that of the Hebrews,¹ which latter assertion

¹ Quod si cui videtur incredulum, metra scilicet esse apud Hebræos et in morem nostri Flacci, Græcique, Pindari, et Alcæi, et Sapphus, vel Psalterium, vel Lamentationes, vel omnia ferme Scripturarum cantica comprehendere, legat Philonem, Josephum, Origenem, Cæsariensem Eusebium; et eorum testimonio me verum dicere comprobabit.—*St. Jerom.*

has divided the opinion of the learned. Scaliger, Grotius, and many others, were of opinion that the Hebrew is incapable of either measure or feet.¹ Cardinal Bellermino, however, has the following: "Pedes, quibus in versibus utunter Hebræi, duo sunt . . . ex his duobus pedibus, varie permixtis, fiunt alii quatuor qui nobis appellantur Spondæus, Bacchius, Creticus, Molossus. Per hos quatuor pedes et iambum, quippe voce usuque notiores, Hebræorum Carmina metiemur."² Accepting the opinion of the learned Cardinal, I fear the comparison will nevertheless fail to sustain the pretensions of the Anglo-Hexameter.

Scaliger's idea of the Hexameter was purely classic, being limited to the dactyl and spondee, which would be irreconcilable with the Hebrew, as we have seen;³ whereas others admitted the Anapast, Amphibrachys,⁴ etc., on the principle of equivalents.

Though accent and quantity do not conform to each other, still, in the old languages, in contradistinction to the modern ones, harmony is at all events the satisfactory result.

I have borrowed the idea from Mr. Newman, of

¹ Consult Moreri, Dic. His. Art. Poesie des Hebreux.

² Inst. Ling. Heb., 12mo, 1619, p. 245: We may add the testimony of Josephus, who, speaking of Moses, says, "After this he read to them a poetic song, which was composed of *Hexameter* verse; and left it to them in the holy book."—*Ant. of the Jews*, Book IV., Chap. VIII., sec. 44.

³ Francis Gomarus asserts the contrary. See *Davidis lyra*.

⁴ Similar instances are to be found in Virgil and Horace.

selecting an ode to prefix by way of Proem, a less paraphrastic version of which comes in the regular order. The first Ode, which is in the nature of a dedication to the friend and patron of the poet, opens with an allusion to the lineage and "family honours" of Mæcenas. Caius Cilnius Mæcenas was the last of the Lucumones. Inheriting from his immediate ancestors the order of knighthood, he could never be persuaded to accept the senatorial rank: the descendant of the Princes of Etruria ("atavis edite Regibus") was unwilling to confound with factitious honours, those which no prerogative could confer.

Of all the foibles to which men are liable, there are few less rational than the vanity, and none more natural than the appreciation, of an ancient and illustrious origin; and its moral results will generally repay the consideration that has ever been accorded to the "dignity of immemorial antiquity."¹ An unalienable heritage, it involves an honourable responsibility; elevating the mind, even under circumstances of difficulty, above the common meannesses of life: while it enhances the favours, it is superior to the caprices of fortune, and is ever a silent rebuke to the vulgar arrogance of such, as the action of human vicissitude may have thrown into the ascendant. When placed in the rear of merit, like the reflector to the light, it gives an added lustre: to no particular time, condition, nation or complexion does it appear

¹ Lord Macaulay.

more especially to belong; nor does it seem that the patron of Horace was any exception to the rule. How magnificently does Shakespeare give vent to this grand feeling as it bursts from the lips of Othello,

“I come of Royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this which I have won.”

To the “*Iam satis terris*” I have applied the more solemn measure of the Spenserian stanza.

Ode IV. is identical in spirit with Ode VII. of the fourth Book, but with this difference: In one we have the “*Gratiæ decentes*” tripping it modestly by moonlight, and in the other the “*Gratia nuda*,” whose “open air” developments would have no doubt done honour to the “Groves of Blarney,” or still more “*enriched*” the eye of honest Tam o’ Shanter, than the *danseuse* of the “Cutty sark” who so energetically figured in the “unco” revelries of Kirk-Alloway.

The translations of the “*Quis multa gracilis*” have most of all engaged the notice of criticism. This is occasioned probably from its being the most difficult passage in the whole of Horace to bring out in translation, and partly that so great a hand as Milton’s had been tried on it. The difficulty arises out of the unmanagable metaphor that pervades it, winding up in a piece of nautical piety, and a pilgrimage to the temple of Neptune. According to the commentary of Mr. Newman on this passage, Pyrrha is the “deceitful

ocean”¹ which the “*puer gracilis*” is navigating. (Bon voyage.) Horace, however, to whom those waters had not been unknown, as his “*urida vesta*” bore votive testimony, prognosticates the impending disaster, when she shall become obstreperous, and his rival lugubrious, under the overwhelming influence of fickle gods and foul weather. Rare cruising, so long as you may take your soundings on those pleasant undulations that sink and swell on the *unruffled* bosom of “the deceitful ocean!” But the “*Aspera nigris equora ventis*” suggest the necessity of brandy and water.

Lord Ravensworth, in the rashness of his candour, has fallen foul of the established prejudice, in expressing his opinion of Milton’s rendering of this little Horatian *Paradise Lost*. As an unrhymed English lyric it falls under the general anathema, and the “sea rough with black winds and storms” does not in English maintain its figurative connexion. To say the truth, it looks very like an intruder on the general sense of the Ode, or what Mr. Connington calls the English Hexameter, “a struggling alien.”

“*Auria*” is differently applied to the beautiful and the amiable. Anthon prefers the latter sense. The learned translator coins it into a smile—the old established currency in the tender commerce to which it appertains. Anacreon has applied it to the Queen of

¹ Page 139.

Smiles,¹ which, taking into account her marine attributes, exhibits a remarkable coincidence with the commentary above cited. In my own hands I fear the glittering epithet has been degraded into a sort of pinchbeck signification, on the principle of the proverb. The custom of the votive offering has outlived the divinity² of Neptune; and Cowley, who with an edifying ambition, declared that he was “not so enamoured of the name of translator as not to wish to be something better,” has piously substituted the shrine of Loretto. The “simplex munditiis,” having reference to the toilet of a Greek girl, may have meant the *κορυμβος*, or simple knot suited to the occasion.

May I be excused for inserting here the following translation, after the manner of the great Scotch lyricist:—

BOOK I. ODE V.

In pleasant grot, oh, say by what
 Young birkie slim, and a' that,
 Is Pyrrha woo'd whase bonnie snood,
 She binds for him and a' that;

¹ *Χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης* — Ode LII. The fable of the Paphian goddess having been formed from the foam of the sea, arose out of the circumstance of her having been wafted thither, as appears by the following passage from Tacitus: “Fama recentior tradit, a Cinyra sacratum templum, Deamque ipsam conceptam mari huc appulsam.”

² He answered well to him that showed him the great number of pictures of such as had escaped shipwreck and had paid their vows: and being pressed with this interrogative, whether he did not confess the divinity of Neptune, answered: “But where are they painted that are drowned?”—An. of Bacon's Adv. of Learn., by Basil Montague, Vol. ii., p. 82.

For a' that an' a' that,
 Sae simple, neat, an' a' that,
 Around his pow the roses glow,
 Wi' odours sweet an' a' that.

'Twill gar him greet sic faith to meet,
 The fickle Powers an' a' that,
 When waters smooth no longer soothe
 Love's gliding hours an' a' that;
 For a' that an' a' that,
 The storm an' cloud an' a' that,
 Alas he thought that heart was naught
 But sterling gowd an' a' that.

He fondly deemed her all she seemed,
 Sae constant, kind, an' a' that,
 The faithless girl whose heart could whirl
 Wi' every wind an' a' that.
 For a' that an' a' that,
 Her charms an' wiles an' a' that,
 The tentless heart will learn to smart,
 That trusts her smiles an' a' that.

Great Neptune's shrine, whase power divine
 Rules o'er the wave an' a' that,
 Doth witness bear that I did there
 A tablet grave an' a' that;
 For a' that an' a' that,
 The stormy floods an' a' that,
 Snatch'd from the sea, hang votively
 My drippin' duds an' a' that.

Horace's Athenian tastes, the "Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camenæ," made him so close an imitator of the Greeks, that many parallel passages are to be found, even among the scanty remnants of Grecian literature

that have been rescued from that deluge of barbarism, in which have perished so many of the choicest creations of human genius.

For the suppression, nevertheless, of many of those exquisite effusions, that have but too seductively depicted the blandishments of pleasure, or too touchingly awakened those tumultuous sensations that agitate the breast of youth, we are indebted to the zeal of mediæval piety, which refused to perpetuate to the scandal of posterity, those otherwise immortal strains, that would have maintained an imperishable record of the genius, and the frailties, of a Sappho.

The "Vides ut alta" suggests to us some of the pleasant ways of life, by which we "bear to live," rather than "dare to die." Good fellowship, good wine, and a blazing hearth, are very acceptable at all seasons of life; and other enjoyments there are, better suited to that particular one, "donec canities abest morosa."

In reference to Ode XI. (To Leuconœ), criticism has not been backward in vindicating the *injured name* of this fair votary of the stars; nor was the plea of "licence" held to be a sufficient apology¹ for "lengthening" her "penultimate."

Ode XIII. is a strange admixture of love, jealousy, uxorious aspirations, and a drunken shindy. The tender

¹ See Odes of Horace, translated into English verse by Theodore Martin, p. 20, *note*.

laceration of the nectar-moisten'd lip¹ is an object of jealous solicitude; and certain ardent appreciations of the rosy neck and waxen arms of the Roman Lothario, to the imagination of a less prosperous rival, must have been painfully suggestive of that mysterious and self-sustaining passion that "makes the meat it feeds on."

The Palinodia (Ode XVI.) has given rise to conjecture. Anthon, on the authority of Acron and Porphyrio tells us that the elder lady was the Canidia of the Epodes. If so, it needed no trifling apology for the *Iambics*.²

In the next Ode the younger lady (Tyndaris) is invited to a *tête-à-tête* in the country, recommended by the charms of rural felicity, light wines, and a secure retreat from the energetic courtship of a too ardent admirer. The lovers of those days appear to have been demonstrative in their manners, more so than would probably be relished by the tender associations of our own time. To derange a head-dress, or profane a crinoline, would now be considered against rule.

¹ Moore, in a note to the XVI. Ode of Anacreon, quotes Æneas Sylvius, where he describes his heroine as possessing "*labia corollini coloris ad morsum aptissima*."

² Of the formidable *Iambic*, said to have been invented by Archilochus ("proprio rabies armavit Iambo," Hor. Ep. ad Pis.), Aristotle says, *Μαλιστα γὰρ λεκτικὸν τῶν μετρῶν τὸ ιαμβεῖον ἐστὶ*. According to Horace, "*Alternis aptum sermonibus*." Schrevelius derives it from *ἰὼν βαρύνειν*. *Iacula loqui* (Angl. forsan "To speak daggers"). In like manner from *Βαλλῶ*, *Iacio*, and *Παγδαος*, *Impetuosus*, we have (Hybernice) "To ballyrag:" equivalent to the Anglican phrase, "To pitch into."

Ode XX. is remarkable for the flattering compliment to Mæcenas, which it so delicately insinuates. The "vile Sabinum" amply compensated for all its defects, by being of the precise age that gave it all its flavour; sealed as it was on that particular day, when the plaudits of the theatre bore testimony to the popularity of the "first commoner of Rome." No music on the waters could be more grateful than that which floated to the ear of Mæcenas, in the echoes of the "ancestral river."

At the close of Ode XXI. the young psalm-singers are charitably admonished to invoke all sorts of good things in the shape of pestilence and famine, not only on their old enemies the Persians, but on their indomitable island cousins, who, if we believe old Jeffrey of Monmouth, came from the same stock, and whose Dardanian blood has been restored and transmitted since the accession of the Tudors.¹ Our own "*anthem*" is not over forbearing, and invokes on our foes the most edifying maledictions.

¹ Pennant, speaking of the Earl of Richmond (afterwards Henry VII.), says: "Many contemporary bards, by feigned names, record this part of his life under the names of the lion, the eagle, and the like, which were to restore the empire of the Britons." Gibbon denies the Dardanian origin of the earlier inhabitants of our island, in consequence of those remote annals having been afterwards made the subjects of poetry and romance. In like manner, in the lapse of ages, the "*tales of the Crusaders*" will in all probability be brought in evidence against the "*history of the Crusades*." The ground on which the historian of the "Decline and Fall" attributes the colonization of Briton to the Gauls is purely geographical, and has nothing more to recommend it than mere propinquity.

That Horace, as Mr. Martin observes, should have some points in common with Burns, is not surprising. The "thoroughly Horatian sentiment" which pervades that noble lyric, "A man's a man for a' that," is traceable to an idiosyncrasy, attributable to circumstances not dissimilar. Both, though in different degrees of temperament, were poets; both, though differing in their after associations, were derived from the same class ("pauperum sanguis parentum"), and both felt and asserted, with equal consciousness, the Aristocracy of Nature. In making these general observations on points of similitude, we may notice parallel passages that cannot under all circumstances be put down to imitation. Among others in Ode XXXI. take from "me pascant olivæ" down to "Cithara carentem" and we have in Burns precisely the same idea.

"While ye are pleased to keep me hale,
 I'll sit down to my scanty meal,
 Be't water-brose or muslin-kail,
 Wi' cheerfu' face,
 As lang's the Muses dinna fail
 To say the grace."

The ode "on Divine Providence," as Mr. Newman rather solemnly designates it, appears to me to be one of those unavoidable hypocrisies not to be too rigidly canvassed, but which a translator, in a little prefatory note, may turn to an edifying account. I greatly doubt the "incipient reaction," and the "reverential

belief.”¹ It may have possibly been called for by some circumstance of the time of which we are ignorant, but we may easily believe that one who had openly attacked the orthodoxy of the day, may have found it prudent to retract, and the ode before us would seem to be a recantation of the errors of Epicureanism,² which Horace had on a former occasion so unmistakeably professed.

namque Deos didici securum agere ævum;
Nec, si quid miri faciat natura, Deos id
Tristes ex alto coeli demittere tecto.—Serm. 1, v.

The laxity of Polytheism, however, extended a charitable indifference to the varieties of Pagan worship; leaving it to the disciples of a holier dispensation, to arrive at that high state of religious perfection, which developes itself in the zeal of polemical acerbity. It is curious to observe the paradoxical tendency of modern systems, which, instead of endeavouring to reconcile to the conclusions of reason,³ those things which the limited comprehension of man is unable to embrace, seek rather to surround them with the haze of an exaggerated mysticism.

¹ Odes of Horace, translated into unrhymed metre, by F. W. Newman, p. 105.

² Gibbon quotes the authority of Diogenes Laertius to show that Epicurus was an assiduous devotee. The same account is given of Hobbes; nor was it till after his death that the real opinions of Spinoza were made known through the *Ethics*, a posthumous publication. The conversation of Spinoza was orthodox and edifying. There is a sensible aphorism from Seneca quoted by St. Austin (*De civitate Dei*) in reference to doctrines “by law established:” “Quæ omnia sapiens servabit tanquam *legibus* jussa, non tanquam diis grata.”

³ The claims of reason and science in matters of religion have recently been fully and ably vindicated by the Bishop of London.

To this prostration of reason before ruling influences, is to be ascribed all the most extravagant illusions that have taken the form of religion, and imposed upon the ignorance, the fears, and the credulity of mankind. Hence the dark empire that superstition has established over the human mind; that over-awes the rational being before the faculty has been sufficiently matured to examine or resist, surrendering itself to the instincts of a blind persuasion, which, never venturing into the liberty of opinion, maintains its dogmatic steadfastness with unreasoning fidelity.

“There is safety in numbers.” Many gods, and many creeds, present a parallel in curious conformity with the proverb. In Pagan times, as Gibbon informs us, they approached “with equal reverence, the altars of the Lybian, the Olympian, and the Capitoline Jupiter.” Among us, the same liberality seems to unite that great Section, which, in the charitable antagonism of many creeds,¹ fraternizes under a common designation; in opposition to that, whose inexorable unity raises up the barrier of an exclusive communion.

¹ “Unbounded religious liberty,” says Doctor Mosheim, “naturally produces a variety of sects.” Further on he alludes to “the ministerial labours” of Mr. George Whitfield, who maintained the doctrine, “that true religion consists alone in holy affections, and in a certain inward feeling which it is impossible to explain; and that Christians ought not to seek the truth by the *dictates of reason or by the aids of learning*, but by laying their minds open to the direction and influence of divine illumination.” This theology is anything but dogmatic, and seems to be as impregnable as it is certainly unaggressive, while it altogether supersedes the labours of a Paley or a Colenso.

Nothing is more conservative of the essentials of faith than liberty of investigation, in search of which but too many have forsaken the "living waters," to drink at those seductive fountains of wit and wisdom, that have sparkled on the shores of Lemman, or in the shades of Ferney.

It is much to be regretted, that the humanizing influences of education in our own time and country, have not had their due effect in smoothing down those asperities that have disturbed the order of society, and caused its ordinary landmarks to be confused or forgotten; but the spirit of dissension will not be unprofitably cultivated, so long as the passions of the votary subserve the interests of the altar.

It appears from a passage from Lucretius, quoted by Anthon, that thunder in a serene and cloudless sky was deemed physically impossible. There is a singular coincidence with this passage of Horace, in the case of a nobleman, remarkable in his time, (I believe the same who gives his more euphonious patronymic to a family that "blend him with their line"); I mean Lord *Herbert* of Cherbury, author of the treatise "*De Veritate prout distinguitur a revelatione, verisimile—possibile, et a falso.*" Doubting whether it might be conformable to the divine will that he should publish his book, he had recourse to devout prayer to obtain "a sign" from heaven to direct him. He tells us that he had no sooner spoken than he heard a loud

noise from the heavens, and that “in the serenest sky, without all cloud,” (“*per purum tonans*,”) which did “so comfort and cheer him” that he resolved to print his book. I do not know if this coincidence has ever before attracted observation.

In translating the “*Motum ex Metello*,” I have again used the Spenserian stanza, as the one best suited to the gravity of the Ode. That adopted for the succeeding one, I find is the same used by the brilliant Pastor of Watergrasshill; and next in succession is the “*Aequam memento*,” which gives its gloomiest colours to the philosophy of Epicurus. The commencement and the end—each lifts a corner of the veil from the ghastly image, and the intervening precepts of pleasure assume the melancholy aspect of “Smiles, that might as well be tears.” Flowers are scattered before the feet of Mortality, too soon to wither under the blight of his advancing footsteps—*nimium breves*! Everything that could most bind us to life is brought before our view only to remind us of its instability, and all breathes the dreary spirit of those words, which, though traced in ashes, eternity alone can obliterate—“*Memento homo tu a pulvis es et ad pulverem reverteris*.”

The “*Ne sit ancillæ*,” is not altogether to my taste, though not so far advanced beyond the Eighth Lustrum, that I may not still continually appreciate the loveliness of a fair arm or gentle look, not forgetting the “*teretes suras* ;” or, as Byron says,

“The many-twinkling feet so small and sylph-like,
Suggesting the more secret symmetry
Of the fair forms that terminate so well.”

Fearing these prefatory remarks may grow tedious, and sooth to say they have already extended much too far, I will here cut them short, merely adding a few sentences, to supply as briefly as possible, a sketch of the

BIOGRAPHY OF HORACE.

HE was born at Venusia A.V.C. 689, B.C. 65. His father (a freedman) possessed some small property in the neighbourhood, which, with the profits of an humble calling, enabled him to remove to Rome for the education of his son, who subsequently completed his studies in the schools of Athens. It was at this period that those remarkable events were in progress that commenced with the assassination of Cæsar. Horace was among the number of those who joined the Republican standard of Brutus and Cassius. He obtained the rank of Military Tribune, was present at the battle of Philippi, where he tells us (as it is generally believed, in a spirit of ironical pleasantry) that he forsook his shield. When he returned home, his father was dead, his inheritance confiscated, and little remained to him but those old thread-bare associates, poetry and poverty. He had to write for bread. Horace, however, who was no doubt an agreeable companion, a bright scholar, and a staunch friend, was not without sympathy and encou-

agement from those whom he had known in less adverse circumstances. He was twenty-seven years of age when Virgil introduced him to Mæcenas, who, after an interval of nine months, renewed the acquaintance, under circumstances that led to one of the most remarkable instances of intimacy and friendship that we have on record. Among the substantial fruits of the attachment that had thus sprung up between the poet and the minister, was the Cottage at Tibur, the Sabine Farm, and the favour of Augustus, by whom we learn, on the authority of Suetonius, he was offered the lucrative post of private secretary.

That Horace was a sagacious man of the world, with a keen wit, and a sound understanding, seems to be the opinion that posterity has formed of his character; a man of ease rather than of pleasure, one,

“Whose blood and spirits were so well commingled,
That he was not a pipe for fortune's finger
To play what stop she pleased.”

Nevertheless are there grounds to believe, that he was of a less unimpassioned disposition than even his *loves* would bespeak him, and if

“The pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover”

throbbed less tumultuously at his lay, it was perhaps the fault of circumstances rather than of Nature. He has shown himself notwithstanding a spiteful lover, and fully justified our great English poet in saying—

“Sweet is revenge, especially on women.”

If we believe himself ("puellis nuper idoneus"), he possessed that quality in a high degree, which is set down by the naturalist,¹ as the redeeming virtue of an otherwise phlegmatic quadruped; yet is it questionable that his susceptibilities were ever sufficiently awakened, save in a single instance, to cause him a restless pillow. Neither was sleep in her turn "so coy a dame," as to refuse him the boon of a remedial solace. When cheated of the real, she often substitutes those balmy resources that flow from the ideal, and lulls the disappointed spirit, among those dreamy emanations, that so sweetly compensate, and so soothingly relieve.²

That Horace was a patriot, we have sufficient testimony, independent of the cause which he espoused. It is true he offered incense at the shrine of despotism, but after all, the despot was the deliverer. Perhaps the Imperial administration, in the hands of a master spirit, may have been necessary to the restoration of order, from an ocean of turbulence and conflict. As in modern France—

"Motos prestat componere fluctus."

In November, A. V. C. 745, only a few weeks before the death of Horace, expired one of the most remarkable men, whose counsels have influenced the destinies of nations; the able statesman, the accomplished scholar, the patron of letters, and the last of a Royal line, on whose fallen fortunes had arisen the liberties of Rome.

¹ See Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*.

² The *curious* may consult B. I. Serm. v.

Imagination may here be allowed to take her stand for a brief moment by the side of History, while we contemplate those two mighty actors in the great drama, from which one was about to make his last exit, Augustus and his minister. We can fancy to ourselves this great master of the world, as he hung over the dying statesman, the one who had counselled him in his difficulties, assuaged his passions, and directed the conduct of his affairs to a successful issue. These are the moments that speak to the hearts of Monarchs. Where then, the animated energy, the keen sagacity, the consummate ability, that were once brought to bear on those stirring events, which marked one of the most eventful passages in the history of mankind? Fading into the shadows of death! and the voice, once fluent in discussing the projects of power and empire, more eloquently proclaimed in the feebleness of its dying accents, the vanity of human greatness. The narrow frontier was about to be passed that separates time from eternity. No longer were needed the strains of distant music, the murmurs of the Anio, or the drowsy plash of its falling waters, to lull the watcher to repose.¹ Among the last words of Mæcenas, the poet

¹ The natural infirmities of Mæcenas were fearfully aggravated towards the close of his life by want of sleep, which Antonius Musa, his physician, endeavoured to remedy, by having recourse to these means, which were not altogether without effect. The remains of Mæcenas's villa at Tivoli is one of the most interesting relics of antiquity, and the cascades of the Anio, still bring to the ear of the tourist, their historical associations.

was not forgotten: "Horatii Flacci, ut mei, esto memor." But his solicitude might have been spared.

"Ibimus, ibimus,
Utcunque præcedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati."—II. XVII.

It was verified almost to the letter.

Of Horace it might be said with truth, that his strongest sentiment was friendship, and from this it was that he drew his tenderest inspirations. Quintilius he mourned, and Valgius he consoled, but Mæcenas was unsung. Too fatally did he keep his word to him, who was the "decus columenque rerum." How soon did he follow, when such friendship could decay! He traced no epitaph, and sang no elegy over the tomb, beside which he was so soon to take his place—the string was broken, and the Venusian lyre, like the harp of Judah, was hung upon the willows.

Horace was the Moore of his day, and his Odes might not be inaptly designated the Roman Melodies. Both poets broke fresh ground; for the English language really had no lyrical idiom before Moore, and, in many ways, a parallel might be drawn between them. The genius of both was polished, to the highest, by the literature of Greece and Rome. Both lived in times of high civilization and mental culture, both rose from an humble position in society,¹ both were associated,

¹ Though born of parents in an humble, but respectable condition, the celebrated author of the "Irish Melodies" could have laid claim to the most illustrious ancestors that have figured in

through their respective careers of life, with all that was high, and noble, and gifted, in their day, and each was, of his own country, the "fidicen lyræ." Each was

the history of his native country, on grounds as authentic and conclusive as any that could be relied on, in the absence of a detailed pedigree, so rarely to be found, but more particularly in a country that has passed through so many revolutions. We are indebted to the learned editor of "*Macariæ Excidium*," and author of "*The Irish Brigades in the Service of France*," for the light that has been thrown on the family history of the great poet, whose descent he deduces from Conal Cearnach of the line of Ir, which reigned about the commencement of the Christian era. From this line is derived the O'Mores of Leix, who held their possessions, according to Hardiman, to the year 1606, when they were finally subdued, and a considerable part of their territory fell to a family of Cosbies, or Crosbies, said to be a branch of the Crosbies of Great Crosbie in Lancashire. (See Doctor Smith's "*Hist. of Kerry*"). Doctor O'Donovan, however, on the authority of a document in the State Paper Office, London, dated 1600, contradicts this statement. The Earl of Ormonde, writing to Sir Robert Cecil, A.D. 1601, on the subject of the fraudulent conduct of the government officials, makes mention of Crosbie, whose real surname it appears was not *Crosbie*, but *Maccrossan*, and whose ancestor had been attached to the O'Mores in the capacity of Chief Rymer. This Patrick Crosbie became the principal agent for the removal of the Seven Septs of Leix into Kerry. Donatus O'Mooney, a contemporary writer, alluding to the O'Mores of Leix, says, "Non licet cuique nato in tota illa regione (Lisiæ) quæ pene integrum comitatum continet, sistere aut habitare in aliquo loco infra triginta milliaria a finibus suæ patriæ." It appears also that in 1631, by order of the government, the O'Mores were to be transplanted "into some remote place beyond the mountains of Sleievelougher." In May 1702, at Chichester House, Dublin, were sold the forfeited lands of Delis, the property of Ambrose Moore, Collector of the port of Dingle in the reign of James II. Thus, finally stripped of everything, they migrated to Dublin, where they engaged in mercantile pursuits. Ambrose Moore is mentioned as having been a merchant of eminence, and, like the poet, "remarkable for his social qualities." "Of those Moores," says my authority, "were also Messrs. Garrett and John Moore, brothers; the latter the father of our great poet, Thomas Moore. For the account given of the O'Mores in extenso, see O'Callaghan's "*Irish Brigades*," pp. 131,

attached, by ties of the sincerest friendship, to a brother poet, of a genius superior to his own, and each mourned over an untimely grave. Even in personal resemblance, the parallel does not fail; nor, in drawing the comparison between those great masters of song, does it seem entirely to die out, when we consider the very similarity of their contrasts; the brilliant vivacity of Horace, with the majesty of Virgil, and the sparkling gaieties of Moore, with the dreary sublimities of Byron. It is to the misfortunes of that great, but singularly unhappy man, that we owe the development of his peculiar genius. Poetry itself owes infinitely more to our sorrows than our joys, and true it is, that even an inspired pencil has more elaborately portrayed the "afflictions of Job," than the "felicities of Solomon."

In a critical examination of the two bards, we must give the palm to the modern lyrist. More tender in his pathos, more refined in his sentiments, more impassioned in his feelings, and more delicate in their expression, he possessed that musical sensitiveness which enabled him to subdue the harshness of his native dialect into the melody of Italian numbers.

310. I may mention in passing, that it was well for the transplanted Septs and their descendants to have obtained a settlement, even such as their friend *Crosbie* was willing to concede to them, "beyond the Sleivelougher mountains;" for by the 6th Anne, c. 11, all "*pretended Irish gentlemen*" were liable to transportation, and there is no knowing what would have been the fate of the celebrated THOMAS, had he lived some generations earlier, without the indispensable "local habitation," as by the 10th and 11th Car. I., c. 16, "*wandering poets*" were subject to imprisonment.

The life of Mæcenas, which he would have clung to on any terms, lingered to its close. The death of Horace, which, under all circumstances, appears not to have been unwelcome, is known to have been sudden, and believed to have been voluntary. He was fifty-seven years of age at the time of his death, small of stature, and delicate of constitution. His tomb was on the Esquiline Hill, near that of Mæcenas, so that friends in life, "in death they were not divided."

That Horace, in the absence of revealed, had no other religion than the worship of Nature, in the appreciation of her gifts,¹ would seem to be the natural result of that strong sense which appears to have been one of his most remarkable characteristics. That he had a high sense of chivalry, and of the sublime motives and potency of virtue, is exemplified in that beautiful apostrophe, in which he seeks to give the highest direction to the precepts of patriotism and valour in the breast of youth. Virtue, relying on its intrinsic value, should it fail to realize those rewards that depend on the breath of popular caprice, yet opens to itself a destination deserving of immortality, inaccessible to the base, while it soars, unconscious of repulse, above the sordidness of earthly ambition.²

¹ It would seem from a remarkable book by Frederick Van Leinoff (1703), entitled "*Heaven on Earth*," that Christianity itself is not wholly without an Epicurean element. The learned and pious Author maintains literally that it is the duty of Christians "to rejoice always" and to "suffer no feelings of affliction and sorrow to interrupt their gaiety."

² See Book III. Ode II.

Yet what is the virtue that is derived from the teachings of philosophy,¹ when compared with the higher spiritual perceptions to which we have been advanced, but the cold realization of moral beauty, carved from those rude materials of our Nature which have been subjected to their elaboration; but that which has been produced by the creative functions of *grace*, is conceived in its integrity, not worked out in its details; generated in the soul, by the operation of a divine communion, and developed by a fostering Providence, into the excellence of Christian perfection. Our poet was a true disciple of the philosophy of the garden; and death, so constantly adverted to, assumed no doubt, a deeper gloom, from the idea of an inexorable finality. Its ghastly representative took its place at the banquet, not as the admonisher of a great change, but of an absolute annihilation; beyond which there was no hope to cheer, and no responsibility to disturb; the most perfect contrast to the principles of that divine dispensation, that within a few short years, and while Augustus still ruled the Roman empire, had its origin in the manger of Bethlehem: the one, pointing to an ideal future, which the frailty of a fallen nature can but feebly discern, through the frigid medium of a faith, which is called on to appreciate what it cannot realize, the other, warm with all the exuberant instincts of

¹ A superficial knowledge of philosophy doth incline the mind of man to Atheism; but a further proceeding therein doth bring the mind back to religion.—Lord Bacon.

present enjoyment, where the gratification of the senses is conserved rather than restricted, within the bounds of a salutary moderation. If its wisdom sought to correct the extravagancies of the passions, it was only that their energies might become the more recuperative, and the precepts of virtue had no higher aim than the economy of pleasure: to crowd as far as might be, all the felicities of which we are susceptible, into the compass of a transitory existence, as the tints of the autumnal forest become more gorgeously profuse, in the approximation of decay.

A happier philosophy distinguishes the votary of the Gospel. In contrast with the "*quod ultra est oderit curare*," is the consolatory aspiration of the greatest of mediæval poets;

Mollem senectam me deceat magis
Traducere intra socraticam domum,
Dum cogito quæ sit beatis
Post cineres animis voluptas. Vida.¹

Notwithstanding the retrospect of a life of usefulness and labour, not unhallowed by effusions of profound devotion, how far less reliantly does our own Johnson contemplate the prospect,

ubi vanæ species, umbræque fugaces,
Et rerum volitant raræ, per inane, figuræ.²

¹ Let age, in wisdom's calm repose,
Await the universal doom,
Nor yearn for other joys than those
Whose glories live—BEYOND THE TOMB.

² See his poem entitled Γνωθι Σεαυτον.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In offering this volume to the public, which contains the first and second books of the Odes, with Preface and Appendix, to which I have added the *Carmen Seculare*, I take the opportunity which it affords me of disclosing what are my intentions with regard to the remaining portions.

I propose to continue in a second volume, uniform with the present, the remainder of the Odes and Epodes. I take leave just to mention here, that this task of translating Horace had been commenced and prosecuted to a considerable extent, before the publication of Lord Ravensworth's book, which, with the exception of Mr. Newman's, is the longest out, of any that I have seen; a circumstance which will, I hope, excuse my having undertaken it.

If there are any passages resembling my predecessors', all that can be said is, that in going over the same ground, such things will be.

No author admits of more variety in translation, and notwithstanding the number that have gone before, I have no doubt that others will yet follow.


There is room enough for all. Each may have his own merit after his own way, and each leave some print of his own footsteps, though in the path which many have trodden.



P R O E M.

AD LYRAM. BOOK I. ODE XXXII.

AIR.—“ My gentle harp, once more I waken.”

ENUSIAN lyre, to native measures,
They bid me wake thy Latian strain,
If many a year, thy tuneful treasures,
Woo'd in the listless shade, remain,
Assist me, as 'mid wars surrounding,
Or moor'd above the rippling wave,
To the fierce Lesbian's hand resounding,
Thy chords their earliest numbers gave.

Within the warrior bard's caresses,
Thy glowing themes were Love and wine,
The dark-eyed Lycus' raven tresses,
Soft Venus, and the kindred nine ;
And even the God of light, when breaking
From eastern skies o'er land and sea,
Is not more glorious than when waking
The tones that sleep, sweet shell, in thee.

Still, as the music-kissing fingers
 Athwart the ravish'd chords are thrown,
Great Jove, amid the banquet lingers
 O'er the loved magic of thy tone :
Sweet soul of song, our toils to lighten,
 When struggling cares the bosom fill,
Oh, let thy sweetest solace brighten
 My tuneful invocation still.



THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

I.

MÆCENAS ATAVIS.

MÆCENAS, of a Royal Line,
Patron and ornament of mine,
Some men there are who seem to place
Their glory in the chariot race,
The whirling wheels that graze the goal
Thro' dust Olympic as they roll,
The palm that elevates on high,
Amid the rulers of the sky.
Thrice honoured this man if he wins
The voice of fickle citizens,
That, if the ample heap he stores,
That loads the Lybian thrashing floors.

To tempt him near Etrurian breakers,
Who loves to till paternal acres,
Trembling, to spread the Cyprian sail,
The wealth of Attalus would fail.
Scared by Icaria's troubled wave,
The son of trade, when South winds rave,
Delights to praise the peaceful tillage
That smiles around his native village;
Then views his stranded ship, and not
Content with this his frugal lot,
Again repairs her shattered sides,
Again commits her to the tides.
Some scruple not to while away
With mellow Massic, half the day,
Beside some holy fountain laid,
In green Arbutus' placid shade.
Many delight, in tented field
To hear the sound of clarion, peal'd
In martial echoes that impart
Their terrors to a mother's heart.
The sportsman, 'neath benumbing Jove,
Forgets his anxious lady-love,
When the fleet stag before the pack
Flees with staunch noses on his track,
Or off, the Marsian boar shall set,
Bursting his way thro' circling net.
But ivy, learning's meed, be mine,
To blend me with the Powers divine.

The gentle choir of mountain maids,
 And sylvan Gods, and cooling shades,
 Distinguish from the vulgar throng,
 The glorious votary of song.
 Let Polyhymnia, and the fair
 Euterpe grant the poets' prayer,
 The one, to breathe upon his flute,
 And one to string the Lesbian lute ;
 Then, if among the honoured race
 Of lyric bards, to find a place,
 Successful be my aspirations,
 My head shall smite the constellations.

II.

JAM SATIS TERRIS.

ENOUGH of snows and driving sleet, hath strew'd
 The mighty Sire. The city trembles lest,
 Pyrrha's stern age restore the monstrous brood,
 When Proteus' flock dived o'er the mountain's breast,
 And frighted deer the swelling waters prest.
 The nations quake, lest a new-delug'd world
 Bid scaly tribes invade the turtle's nest
 On the high elm, where erst her pinions furl'd,
 As from red hand the bolts on sacred towers were hurl'd.

Tiber, we've seen roll back his tawny flood,
With wave retreating o'er the Etruscan shore,
To where the monuments of Numa stood,
And Vesta's temple. His right bank no more
Restrains th' uxorious waters, as they pour
Their boastful billows, rioting above
The scenes of desolation, while thus o'er
The delug'd plain, too angry torrents move,
Venger of Maia's woes despite the will of Jove.

Our youth, made few by their sire's strife, shall know
Of native swords 'gainst native breasts unsheathed,
Whose edge had better sought the Persian foe,
Nor madly thus in civil slaughter bathed.
Oh, to what God shall now our vows be breathed?
How win reluctant Vesta to the song
Of sacred virgin, and preserve unscath'd
The tottering empire, and its days prolong,
Who shall great Jove appoint to expiate the wrong?

Prophetic God! Apollo, hear my prayer.
Come with bright shoulders veil'd in mantling shade.
Or, Erycina, if thou'lt here repair,
Come with thy loves and joys in smiles array'd.
Come thou, great Founder, if a tardy aid
At length thy long-neglected race shall know,
(Now this too lengthened game of blood is play'd)
Who lov'st the battle's shout, the helmet's glow,
And the stern Marsian's brow bent on the bleeding foe.

Or if, wing'd son of gentle Maia, thou
 In youthful figure and in altered guise,
 Th' Avenger of great Cæsar wilt avow
 Thyself, Oh then may our iniquities
 Ne'er waft thee hence. Unto thy native skies
 Late thy return, and long thy prosp'rous reign.
 Father and Prince! These titles learn to prize
 Amid thy triumphs; nor the Mede again
 Shall e'er, (our leader thou), insult the Roman plain.

III.

SIC TE DIVA.



H ship, in which my soul confides
 Its severed half to Ocean's breast,
 May Æolus preserve its tides
 Unmoved, save by the favouring West.

So may the Queen of Cyprus isle,
 And Helen's heavenly brothers, o'er
 Thy starlit way auspicious smile,
 To guide thee safe to Athens' shore.

'Twas breast of brass, and heart of oak,
 That first in fragile vessel went,
 While North and South contending, woke
 The tumult of each element.

Rude North, nor weeping Hyades
Could strike with fear those souls erratic,
Tho' nothing is there like to these,
To lash or lull the Adriatic.

Fearless is he can tearless seek,
Where monsters roll amid the shocks
Of seething surges, as they break
On fell Ceraunia's blasted rocks.

In vain hath Heavenly wisdom plann'd
'Twixt soil and soil the severing sea,
If daring ships from land to land
May waft their bold impiety.

A stubborn, stern presumption, still,
There dwells the human breast within,
A fortitude for every ill,
A wickedness for every sin.


A hapless fraud, a daring hand,
That filch'd the fatal fire on high,
With plagues unknown, it cursed the land,
And many a wasting malady.

Then death, once slow, soon learned to haste
His loitering step, and Dædalus,
Ambitious, sought th' ethereal waste
On pinions ne'er designed for us.

For man, rash fool, all things will dare ;
Hell, Hercules hath rent asunder :
Heaven we assault, nor will we e'er
Let anger'd Jove forget his thunder.

IV.

SOLVITUR ACRIS HIEMS.

HE stormy season is at rest,
And Spring is breathing from the west ;
The ships new launched, and altogether,
A pleasant change comes o'er the weather.
The long pent cattle, with delight
Their pastures seek, no longer white
With icy winter, and the hind
His chimney corner hath resigned.
The Nymphs, upon the moonlit mead,
Doth the soft Cytheræan lead,
Linked with the Graces as they go
Upon the "light fantastic toe,"
While, for those ponderous one-eyed fellows,
Her Lord perspiring blows the bellows.
Now is the time your glossy hair
To bind with Myrtle, or whate'er
The flower may be that claims from earth
The fragrant season of its birth.

Let us, at Faunus' choice, devote
 In votive shade, or lamb or goat.
 Pale death with unrespecting malice,
 Knocks at the door of hut and palace.
 Oh pleasant Sextus, life's brief scope
 Gives little room for lengthened hope;
 Night comes with all its goblin crew,
 And hell's dark halls, if tales be true.
 Then shall th' unshaken dice have ceas'd
 To tell the monarch of the feast,
 Nor there shall charm, young Lycidases,
 In turn beloved by lads and lasses.

V.

QUIS MULTA GRACILIS.



HAT stripling, in ambrosial grot,
 Mid rosy wreaths, that form caresses,
 For whom fair Pyrrha's fingers knot
 In simple charm, those sunny tresses?

Alas, how many a tear he'll shed,
 When guardian Gods¹ shall faithless flee,
 And storms unlooked for, overspread
 The dark wave of his destiny.

¹ From the nature of the figure here used, could the "Mutatos Deos" mean the "Fratres Helenæ," supposed to protect mariners. (See Bk. I. Ode III.) I have ventured on this interpretation on no better authority than my own.

When she, he deem'd the softest-souled,
 And truest-hearted, leaves him lonely,
 To learn that all he prized as gold,
 Was but the glittering surface only.

Ill-fated they who see thee fair,
 With reckless trust believe thee true,
 Then find the heart that others share,
 The sport of every wind that blew.

To Neptune's sacred fane did we
 With votive step the tablet bring,
 Where all, the pictured garb, may see
 A saturated offering.

VI.

SCRIBERIS VARIO.¹



E Varus the Mæonian swan
 Agrippa's fame shall soar upon,
 To sing the triumphs of the brave,
 On charging steed, or surging wave.
 Ill suits Pelides' ruthless ire,
 My modest Muse, and feeble lyre,

¹ This ode is an apology to Agrippa for not having composed anything in his honour. The learned reader will perceive how closely he has imitated Anacreon. See Ode XXIII.

Or of stern Pelops' house to speak,
 Or wand'rings of the crafty Greek,
 And Cæsar's matchless fame, and thine,
 Would suffer in a lay like mine.
 But who the God of war shall chaunt,
 In tunic clothed, of adamant,
 Merion, begrimed with many a stain
 From dust of Troy's embattled plain,
 Or, matched by stern Minerva's aid,
 With Gods to strive,—great Diomede?
 We sing of banquets, and of scars
 From pointed nails,¹ in am'rous wars;
 Or fancy bound, or fancy free,
 Whate'er the passing mood may be.

VII.

LAUDABUNT ALII.



ET others in admiring odes,
 Sing Ephesus and sunny Rhodes,
 Or Mitylene, or the town
 Of Corinth, whose high ramparts frown

¹ The "prælia virginum in juvenes" must have originally suggested to that *scientific* body the Prize-Ring, the classic expression, "coming to the scratch." This conjecture derives much support from the formidable emendation of Bentley, who prefers "*Strictis*" in the place of "*Sectis*," to which opinion the learned Professor of Oxford University seems to incline (p. 132). I have also myself adopted this reading, though practically I would have preferred the

O'er severed seas, or it may be,
 The unrivalled vale of Thessaly,
 Or Thebes, or Delphi, made divine
 By Phœbus and the God of wine.
 To others the sole Task belongs
 Of chanting in unceasing songs
 Immaculate Minerva's towers,
 And gathering wreaths from olive bowers.
 Of rich Mycenæ many sing,
 In Juno's honour, many a string
 Is waked to those far fields that feed
 The mettle of the Argive steed.
 Where roams the patient Spartan swain,
 Where smiles Larissa's fertile plain,
 Have neither charm so dear to me
 As the sweet shades of Tivoli;
 The rills that round its orchards flow,
 The murmur of the Anio,
 And the soft echo of the falls,
 From Albunea's mystic¹ walls.

latter. I do not know if their effects would have been esteemed "honourable scars," or whether a champion so decorated would come under the description, "*homo factus ad unguam.*"

¹ The temple of the Sybil on the summit of the cliff at Tibur. "Among the arguments in favour of this opinion," says Anthon, "it may be remarked that Varro, as quoted by Lactantius, (*De Fal. Rel.* i. 6) gives a list of the ancient sybils; and amongst them enumerates the one at Tibur, surnamed Albunea, as the tenth and last." He further states, that "she was worshipped at *Tibur* on the banks of the Anio." On the strength of these authorities I have ventured to use the epithet "*mystic*" as here applied.

As South winds oft, in summer hour,
Dispel the cloud, and dry the shower,
So Plaucus, in this life of ours,
Between the changing suns and showers,
'Tis wisest to enjoy it thro'
The varying glimpses of its blue,
And, in the mellowest libations
To drown its toils and tribulations,
'Mid camps where glittering standards shine,
Or shades of Tibur—shades of thine.
Teucer, when fated to retire
From Salamis and from his sire,
Did, as they say, his temples twine
With crown of poplar bathed in wine;
Then to his sad companions, thus
He said, "Whate'er's reserved for us,
Brave friends, whatever gentler fate
Than my stern sire, our wanderings wait,
My gallant comrades, ne'er, oh ne'er
'Neath Tucers' auspices despair,
Teucer your Chief, who oft with you,
Severer straits hath struggled thro'.
In other lands, (so prophecies
Unerring Phœbus,) there shall rise
O'er yon far waters, like to this,
For us, another Salamis.
Then fill, my friends, and banish sorrow,
Yon waters wide we trace to-morrow.

VIII.

LYDIA DIC PER OMNES.



H Lydia, by the Gods above,
 Why ruin Sybaris with love?
 Why is the heat no more endured

To which the youth was once enured,
 Accouter'd, with his peers, to rein
 The Gallic steed on dusty plain?
 Why dreads he Tiber's yellow flood?
 Loathes olive-oil like Viper's blood?
 The quoit, that arms once black and blue,
 And spear, beyond the Target, threw?
 Why does the truant boy lie hid,
 As the great son of Thetis did,
 Ere yet the sons of Ilium dyed
 Her battle plains with gory tide,
 Lest he, if like a warrior drest,
 To fight the Lycians be imprest?¹

IX.

VIDES UT ALTA.



BEHOLD Soracte's hoary height. The woods
 Droop with their snowy burden, while their
 cold

¹ Horace uses the word "*proriperet*" here with great felicity, and I have endeavoured to give it its appropriate rendering. I need not remind the learned reader of the story of Ulysses, and the part he played on the occasion alluded to. The crafty Greek is the earliest *Crimp Sargent* on record.

And slippery surface stills the slumb'ring floods ;
 Bring faggots, Thaliarchus, nor withhold
 The cask of mellow Sabine, four years old.
 Leave warring winds and waters to the will
 That can control their tumults, and can fold
 The pinions of the hurricane, until
 The Cypress cease to wave, and the old ash be still.

Heed not to-morrow : catch the fleeting pleasure,
 As so much gained to life, while yet 'tis new,
 The whispering promenade, the mazy measure,
 And love, and night ; the nook conceal'd from view,
 Which the light laugh's betrayal leads you to,
 When furtive beauty veils the twilight tryste ;
 Those soft assaults that soothingly subdue
 The frail resistance of the ravish'd wrist,
 Or jewel'd hands that all so yieldingly resist.

X.

MERCURI FACUNDE.¹



H son of Maia, thou, the first to teach
 The graceful contest, and to humanize
 Primeval man with the soft gifts of speech,
 Thee will I sing, bright herald of the skies,


¹ Cicero gives no less than five Mercuries. According to M. Danet (Dic. of Greek and Rom. Ant.) Mercurius (dies), *Mercredi* is

Sire of the curved harp, eloquent and wise!
 Yet, if it please thee, in a merry craft,
 Thou dost play off thy roguish pleasantries:
 Robbed of his kine, loud-threat'ning Phœbus laught,
 When thy wild boyish pranks had left him not a shaft.

Guided by thee did Priam win by stealth,
 Thro' Atreus' haughty sons his perilous way;
 And thro' Thessalian sentinels, his wealth
 Bore he, while Ilium's walls behind him lay;
 And the dim watchfires shed their fitful ray
 O'er the still slumbers of the tented foe.
 Thy golden wand the shadowy crowd obey,
 That points the seats where happy spirits go,
 Oh thou, to Gods above endeared, and Gods below.

 XI.

TU NE QUAESIERIS.

ASK not Chaldea's mystic lore
 To learn what length our days may be,
 'Tis fit we bear, but not explore,
 What Fate reserves, Leuconoë.


so called because the planet Mercury reigns in the first hour thereof, according to the opinion of those who allow of planetary hours. The Saxons also had their Mercury, as appears by the following passage from Geo. of Monmouth: "Saxones autem adorabant Deos, præsertim Mercuriam, quem lingua sua *Woden* appellabant cui septimanæ quartam feriam dicarunt, quam ex nomine ejus *Wodensday* vocabant."

If many a year be ours, or if
 The storm, that yonder wintry waves,
 Rolls o'er Etruria's surf-worn cliff,
 Wail wildly o'er our early graves.

Life is at best a narrow scope ;
 E'en as we speak, the moments flee :
 Bring wine, nor trust to distant hope,
 The hour is all to thee and me.

XII.

QUEM VIRUM AUT HEROA.

 HAT man, what hero, wilt thou choose ?
 What God, whose praise, celestial Muse,
 Thy lyre shall wake on Pindus' hill,
 Or pipe, to echos wild and shrill,
 As sportively they swell upon
 The shady heights of Helicon ?
 Or where the Thracian charm'd of yore
 (Learn'd in his mother's lyric lore)
 The listening oaks, the tempests sway'd,
 Or rivers rapid rush delayed,
 As wand'ring woods his song pursu'd
 O'er Hæmus' snowy solitude.
 Whose shall the wonted hymn inspire
 Before his praise, the Lord and Sire

Of Gods and men, the world, the seas,
Seasons, and their varieties,
Who nothing greater, none so great,
Second, or like, can generate ?
Minerva next, and next to her,
Bacchus, the valiant warrior :
Nor of the maid shall I be mute,
Pursuer of the savage brute ;
Nor of thy formidable art,
Oh Phœbus ! of th' unerring dart :
And great Alcides shall be sung,
And the fam'd twins, from Leda sprung,
In horsemanship one fam'd for skill,
One, in the lists invincible,
Whose pallid star at evening guides
The wand'rer o'er th' Ægean tides,
And quells the wrath of sea and sky,
And lulls them to tranquillity.
What next shall claim the votive strain ?
Romulus', or the gentle reign
Of Numa, Tarquin's haughty sway,
Or Cato's fall, 'tis hard to say.
In grateful strains, I'll sing the glory
Of Regulus, and of the Scauri,
And Paullus, prodigal to yield
His mighty soul on Cannæ's field :
Camillus, too, I'll celebrate,
And Curius of the shaggy pate,


And brave Fabricius. Poor their lot,
 Small heritage, and humble cot.¹
 Marcellus' fame is as the tree,
 Increasing imperceptibly :
 The Julian star, as Luna's light,
 Among the feebler fires of night.
 Oh son of Saturn, unto thee
 Fate gives great Cæsar's destiny ;
 Of mortals, thou the Lord and parent,
 And Cæsar here be thy vicegerent ;
 Whether the Parthians threat'ning Rome,
 By triumph just, be overcome,
 Or Serican, or Indian host
 Be quell'd on Oriental coast.
 Thou, that o'er vast Olympus rollest
 Thy thundering car, his power controll'est
 Alone.—Thy arm red vengeance showers
 On lawless love's unhallowed bowers.

¹ Milton puts into the mouth of the Saviour the names of those heroes with whom he confronts Satan in reference to the temptations of power and riches.

"Can'st thou not remember
 Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus,
 For I esteem those names of men so poor,
 Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
 Riches, tho' offered from the hand of kings."—*Par. Reg.*

XIII.

CUM TU, LYDIA.

 H Lydia! when thou praisest thus,
 The rosy neck of Telephus,
 And Telephus's arms of wax,
 A jealous pang my bosom racks.
 My brain is turned, my colour goes,
 The secret tear my cheek o'erflows,
 Each bearing witness in its turn,
 What wasting flames my bosom burn.
 It sears my very soul within,
 Lest riot stain that snowy skin,
 Or wine provoke th' intemperate bliss
 That leaves behind the bleeding kiss;
 If you'll believe me, love so rude
 Toward lips that nectar hath embued
 With Beauty's fifth,¹ you may not hope
 With wedded constancy to cope.

¹ Anthon quotes the observations of Porson against the common interpretation of the "Quinta parte," which I think, according to the account he gives, is reasonable as well as literal. Mr. Newman says, in a note on this passage (page 42), that the *human spirit* was supposed to be "*hot vapour*, of which there was, according to a more refined philosophy, a more subtle *quintessence*." It would furnish a valuable addition to scientific discovery if this "*quintessence*" of steam could be infused into our locomotives, etc., and thus be the means of converting the Pythagorean into a utilitarian Philosophy. It would unquestionably be a great advancement to the cause of *progress* could the migrations of the body be accelerated through the *transmigrations* of the soul.

Thrice blest that holy tie! unbroken
 By words ill-timed, unkindly spoken,
 From every storm and strife defended,
 That only ends——when all is ended.

XIV.

O NAVIS, REFERENT.



H ship! would'st quit thy port anew
 To brave again disastrous tides?
 Oh what in madness would'st thou do,
 Thus oarless launch thy naked sides?

Thy wounded mast the South wind strains,
 The spars 'mid tattered canvass creak,
 Thy keel ungirded, scarce sustains
 The sweeping surges as they break.


No Gods to guard thee o'er the wave,
 Thy planks tho' pine from Pontus brought,
 Their birth, though noble forests gave,
 Nor name, nor race, avail thee aught.

Oh thou, so late the weary source
 Of many a pang, this caution learn—
 Trust not to varying winds thy course,
 No sailor trusts in painted stern.

Source now of tenderest care, may you
 Still wisely shun those treach'rous seas,
 And all the dangers that bestrew
 The shining cliffs of Cyclades.

XV.

PASTOR CUM TRAHERET.

 HE winds are hush'd, th' Idean sail
 Flaps idly o'er Ægean waters,
 While Nereus' boding strains reveal
 To the false swain the fearful tale
 Of fate, from that ill-fated tide
 That bears the hostess and the bride,
 The loveliest of Sparta's daughters.

Ill omen'd is the hour when roams
 The frail one to her distant homes,
 For many a hero Greece shall send
 Those guilty nuptials sworn to rend,
 And Priam's ancient race and realm
 In Dardan blood to overwhelm.
 Alas, what reeking hands shall rein
 The foaming steed on battle plain;
 With whetted rage see Pallas now,
 With chariot, shield, and helmed-brow.

In vain, with Venus on your side,
On haughty brows soft curls divide ;
In vain you wake the lyre, so dear
Its gentle tones to woman's ear ;

In vain thy softer soul eschews
Where Ajax swift of foot pursues ;
The din of battle, and the gleam
Of spears, amid the barbed shower
From Cretan quivers, ill beseem

The dalliance of a nuptial bower ;
But Ah, tho' late, yet come they must,
Those wanton tresses to the dust !


Laertes' son before thee view,
Thy nation fated to undo ;
Merion, and Pylion Nestor too,
With dauntless rage thy steps pursue :
And Sthenelus, well skilled in deeds
Of arms ; to guide the foaming steeds
No worthless charioteer Iwis,
And Teucer king of Salamis.

Behold Tydides in his ire,
A warrior mightier than his Sire,
Whom fly'st thou, as the trembling hart
That from the vale's remotest part,
The prowling wolf astonish'd sees,
And heedless of his pasture, flees
Breathless—unlike the boastful pride
That woo'd and won an erring bride.

Awhile, Achilles' wrath delays
The last of Ilium's numbered days;
A few short years, and Troy's proud dames
Shall Greece's vengeful rage destroy,
And leave no trace beyond its flames,
Save ashes of what once was Troy.

XVI.

O MATRE PULCHRA.

IVE to the flames my guilty lay,
Thou, a fair mother's lovelier daughter,
Or let it wash its guilt away
In Adria's atoning water.

Not Phœbus' priest, with rage divine,
Feels in his breast such trepidation,
Nor he that from the God of wine
Imbibes the wildest inspiration,

Nor, when Cybele's rite demands
The Corybantes' brazen clangour,
So madly beat their cymbal'd hands,
As woman's bosom in her anger.

Nor Styrian steel its fury quells,
Nor Jupiter's tremendous thunder,
Nor the huge wave that yawns and swells,
To rend the shipwreck'd bark asunder.


Prometheus, when, as legends say,
 He something took from every creature,
 To blend with man's primeval clay,
 Spared not the lion's angry nature.

'Twas anger laid Thyestes low,
 Bid many a stately city fall,
 And drove the ploughshare of the foe
 Exulting o'er the ruined wall.

Forgive the wrong my lyre bemoans,
 Which youth and passion wrought for thee,
 Henceforth I'll wake its tenderest tones,
 To win thee back to love and me.

XVII.

VELOX AMOENUM.

 S the nimble Faunus ranges,
 Oft my gentle Tyndaris,
 Mount Lycæus he exchanges
 For the dear Lucretilis:
 Still the ever-watchful patron,
 Thro' the thickets where they browse,
 Of each wandering, shaggy matron
 Of the strongly smelling spouse;
 From the summer's sun defending,
 And the tempest-driven showers,

As thro' thyme and arbute wending,
Safe they crop the hidden flowers.
Nor where adders green assemble,
Shall my kids be frightened, nor
At the gaunt wolf shall they tremble,
Sacred to the God of war,
While the sportive echo dallies
Over mountain, over mead,
Thro' Ustica's smooth-rocked vallies,
From the music of his reed.

The Gods befriend me; my sweet measures
And devotion please them still;
Rural honours, rural treasures,
Thou shalt have them to thy fill.
In this lone vale shaded over
From the summer's burning ray,
Circe, for her wandering lover
Striving with Penelope,
While in Teian numbers singing,
Let the Lesbian cup be quaff'd,
No intemp'rate quarrels bringing,
In the mildness of its draught.

Hidden here, lascivious Cyrus,
Too ungentle to withstand,
On thee, howsoe'er desirous,
Layeth not licentious hand;

Nor shall rend he the wreath'd border,
 Twined where wand'ring tresses float,
 Nor one touch of his disorder
 Thy offenceless petticoat.

XVIII.

NULLAM, VARE.



OUND the walls of Catillus, Oh Varus! no tree,
 Like the vine's sacred plant, should be cherish'd
 by thee,

Or in Tibur's rich soil, for we only escape
 From the sorrows of life by the juice of the grape.


Will the soldier at poverty pause to repine,
 Nor praise the enchantments of woman and wine?
 But that none should abuse their soft influence, think
 How the Centaurs and Lapithæ fought in their drink.
 Again, too, the anger of Bacchus we trace
 In the unscrupulous sons of libidinous Thrace.
 Fair God, I indulge no excesses forbidden,¹
 Nor from leaf-shaded shrines draw the myteries hidden,
 Nor for me shall the horn of the Phrygean be found,
 With the clash of the cymbal to mingle its sound,

¹ "These orgies," says Mr. Newman (p. 127), "simple hearted and deep in their Asiatic birthplace, became perverted in Greece, and linked themselves with crime in Rome."

That ushers vain-glory and blind self-esteem,
 Which still make the brainless and arrogant seem
 In the pride of their own empty heads to surpass,
 While in things they should hide, they're transparent as
 glass.

XIX.

MATER SÆVA CUPIDINUM.


 HE cruel mother of the loves
 My stubborn chastity reproves ;
 And soft licentiousness, and he,
 The son of Theban Semele,
 Have bade those truant fires return
 That for a season ceas'd to burn.
 The splendour of those glowing charms
 Of Glycera, my bosom warms ;
 Those dazzling looks, from features thrown,
 Of hue as pure as Parian stone,
 That vary still with every mood,
 And please in each vicissitude.
 How Scythians fight, or Parthians fly
 Upon their nimble coursers, I
 No longer have the power to sing,
 Or any other worthless thing.

Here, boy, the blessed turf pile up,
 Wine, two years old shall crown the cup :

Let incense rise, and vervain twine
 The living verdure of the shrine :
 A lover's offering shall beguile
 Relenting beauty of a smile.

XX.

VILE POTABIS.


LEDGE me, dear Knight,¹ a Sabine cup :
 I seal'd the homely liquor up
 Myself, that very day, when far
 Resounding from the theatre,
 The loud applause, exulting ran,
 From Tiber to the Vatican,
 Until the ling'ring echoes died
 Upon thy own ancestral tide.

¹ The title of Eques, or Knight, was that on which Mæcenas as "first commoner" chiefly prided himself. The Equestrian order is one of very ancient institution. From the Indians, Chaldeans, Syrians, and Persians, it passed into Greece and Italy, and existed in Rome in the time of Romulus. It came into Britain with the Romans. After their departure, Arthur, King of the Britains, added a still higher dignity to the character of Knighthood, by making it the reward of merit; and that it might be paramount to every other distinction, instituted the Round Table, where no precedence could be observed. From this celebrated prince sprung the line of the Tudors, through which the reigning family possess a more *legitimate*, as well as more ancient title, than that derived from the Conquest. We should not omit to mention the celebrated champions of Emania, or Knights of the Red Branch, who flourished in the kingdom of Uladh, or Ulster, during the time of Augustus. See *O'Halloran*.

Thy cups the Cœcuban shall bless,
 And vintage from Calenian press ;
 Nor Formian, nor Falernian hill,
 Do my more humble goblets fill.

XXI.

DIANAM TENERÆ.


 E virgins, sing Diana's praise ;
 Ye youths, the song to Cynthius raise,
 And to Latona, who could move,
 The passion of Almighty Jove.

To her who loves the shady floods,
 Meand'ring thro' the leafy woods,
 That hang on Algidus's chill,
 And Erymanthus' shadowy hill,
 Or Cragus green ; and not the less,
 Ye boys, in quivered gracefulness,
 Apollo, o'er whose shoulders slung,
 Hangs the sweet shell his brother strung ;
 With equal praise be Tempe sung,
 And Delos where Apollo sprung.

Moved by your prayers, shall war be banish'd,
 Disease and hunger shall have vanish'd
 (Cæsar our Prince) for evermore
 To Persia and Britannia's shore.

XXII.

INTEGER VITÆ.

HAT man, oh Aristius, whose conscience is pure,
 Neither needs he the bow nor the shaft of the Moor;
 'Mid the heat of the desert he safely may start,
 Unoppressed with the quiver, or poisonous dart;
 Or where the rude Caucasus offers no home
 To the houseless and weary, secure may he roam;
 Or by those wizard waters, whose storied career
 Wafts their mystical waves through the vale of Cashmere.

Thro' the deep Sabine shades as a truant I roved,
 And listlessly sang of the girl that I lov'd,
 Not in parched plains of Jūba, where lions are nursed,
 Are such wolves as the one that ferociously burst
 From the thicket before me; a monster more grim,
 Never prowl'd over Daunia's wild forests than him.
 And yet, though with naught but integrity arm'd,
 He fled from my presence, and left me unharm'd.

In some wilderness place me, all wild tho' it be,
 Where soft zephyrs revive not one perishing tree,
 Whose darkness and cloud not a beam struggles thro',
 And where heaven never opens one glimpse of its blue;—
 To some region transport me, all burning, and far
 From the dwellings of man, 'neath the sun's glowing car,
 Still my Lalage's love every clime shall beguile,
 As I hang on her accents and bask in her smile.

XXIII.

VITAS HINNULEO.

MY Chloe flies, like wild gazelle
 That seeks its dam thro' mountain dell,
 Starting, as vernal breezes shake
 The early foliage of the brake ;
 Or onward, as with trembling knees,
 And beating heart she timid flees,
 From the green lizards as they scramble
 In sportive tumult thro' the bramble.
 No lion grim or tiger wild
 Am I ; I would not harm thee, child :
 Then from Mamma do let me lure you ;
 You're not too young, I can assure you.

XXIV.

QUIS DESIDERIO.

MY blush, that many a fruitless tear
 Should fall uncheck'd for one so dear ?
 Oh give the saddest strain to me
 That mourns the dead, Melpomene,
 Who dost inherit from thy sire,
 His melting voice and trembling lyre.
 Oh, Varus, art thou then consign'd
 To endless sleep ! Where shall we find

Those sister virtues, Faith that ne'er
Corruption knew, and Justice? Where
The modest worth that lowly lies,
And truth that never sought disguise?

By many a good man wept is he,
By none, O Virgil, more than thee:
Vain prayer, that fain would cheat the tomb,
For heaven but lent him, to resume.

Hadst thou the Thracian's art, to move
By charm of song, the listening grove,
The vital current, never more
To the pale shade could'st thou restore,
Which once the unrelenting God,
Unmov'd by prayers, with horrid rod,
By Fate's decree hath driven along,
To mingle with the shadowy throng.
Hard! But by patience only, we
Sustain the ills we may not flee.

XXV.

PARCIUS JUNCTAS.



YOUNG gallants knock not now in numbers,
At casements bar'd, to break thy slumbers,
For whom thy gates flew wide, until
Of late, enamour'd of their sill,

We seldom hear poor devils sighing,
 "Can Lydia sleep while I am dying?"

When winds blow keen from moonless sky,
 And youth is fled, and lovers fly,
 Tho' doom'd to whine in scanty gown,
 Among the bye-ways of the town,
 Not fiercer fury fires the blood
 Of genial mothers of the stud.

Thou'lt grieve to find each lusty wight
 In the green myrtle take delight,
 And verdant ivy, while they vow
 To wintry winds, the wither'd bough.

XXVI.

MUSIS AMICUS.




N wanton winds, and Cretan seas,
 I cast all fears and miseries.
 Who Tiridates dreads, who reigns,
 Chill Despot of the polar plains,
 Doth not disquiet in the least,
 The tuneful Sister's placid priest.

By the sweet Muse, whose pure delight
 Is in the fountain clear and bright,
 Be my own Lamia's temples crowned
 With sunniest flowers that blossom round.

But if their power no aid affords
 My new-strung lyre, my Lesbian strain,
 In vain I touch the useless chords,
 And Lamia's praise were sung in vain.

XXVII.

NATIS IN USUM.

O quarrel in our cups, which we
 Were given for hours of festive glee!
 Save modest Bacchus from such Thracian,
 Such barbarous, blood-stained profanation:
 Nor wine nor candles should "environ"
 The Mede "who meddles with cold iron."

Now, friends, your couches press in quiet,
 And be there no unseemly riot.

Of the Falernian, if I fill a
 Stiff glass, the brother of Megilla,
 The fair Opuntian, shall name
 To ears discreet, his tender flame,
 And tell whose love-entrancing dart,
 So sweetly fatal, wounds his heart.

Now, then—Out with it—Do you shrink?
 Upon no other terms I drink.
 Come, don't be bashful. She will prove
 A damsel worthy of your love.

Gramercy ! into what a sad
 Charybdis hast thou plung'd. Poor lad !
 Deserving of a lot less evil
 Than to be yoked to that she-devil.

What drug Thessalian, witch, Magician,
 What God can snatch thee from perdition !
 'Twould give, to compass your escape
 From that Chimæra's triple shape,
 Whose fatal bonds encircle you,
 The winged-horse enough to do.

XXVIII.

TE MARIS ET TERRAE.

SAILOR.

HEE, who could'st measure seas and lands,
 The vaulted heaven, th' unnumbered sands,
 A little dust could disenthral,
 Archytas,—and the gift were small.

What, if thy genius once could soar,
 Aërial mansions to explore,
 If now thy solitary ghost
 Must wander o'er Matinum's coast.

ARCHYTAS.

The sire of Pelops died, altho'
 The guest of Gods ; and even so,

Tithonus borne to realms above,
And Minos confidant of Jove.
The son of Panthus, too, hath sped
Once more to mansions of the dead,
Altho' the sage resumed the shield
That witness'd many a Trojan field,
And proved that flesh alone could be
The victim of mortality.

No mean authority, with thee,
Of Nature, or of Truth, was he.

One path, once trod, without a ray
To cheer its dark and dismal way,
Awaits us all. The Furies yield
The soldier to the ghastly field ;
The sailor feeds the greedy brine,
No head escapes dread Proserpine ;
The old, the young, in mingled doom
Crowd the grim portals of the tomb,
And fierce Orion's stormy wane
Hath given me to th' Illyrian main.

With no malignant heart will you,
Sailor, refuse some sand, to strew
This head—these bones without a grave !
So many Venusian forests wave,
When eastern tempests madly chafe
Hesperian waves, yet thou be safe ;
And Jove, and Neptune ruling o'er
Tarentum, multiply your store.

No expiation shall repair
 The wrong of my unpitied prayer ;
 Then let a pious duty stay
 Thy hastening steps, with brief delay.
 Here pause, and thrice, with hurried hand,
 Bestrew the funereal sand,
 Lest a proud retribution be
 On thee and thy posterity.

XXIX.

ICCI BEATIS.




H Iccius, Oh Iccius, their treasures afar,
 To the Arabs invite thee, with promise of war ;
 'Gainst the monarchs of Saba unconquer'd, to
 speed,

And thou forgest new chains for the terrible Mede.

What maid, whose affianced thou'lt slay, shall be thine ?
 What sweet-scented courtier-boy bear thee thy wine ?
 Well skill'd to direct, should the victor require,
 The Serican shaft from the bow of his Sire.
 Who shall wonder if Tiber reverses his course,
 Or the torrent flows back to its mountainous source,
 When he who delighted to dwell among sages,
 Who purchased and pondered Panœtius's pages,
 And one, of such learn'd antecedents, would fain
 Their places supply with the armour of Spain ?

XXX.


O VENUS.¹

UEEN of Paphos, Queen of smiles,
Quit, oh quit, thy favourite isles ;
Come, with that glowing child of thine,
To Glycera's ambrosial shrine.

There, be the Nymphs and Graces found,
With charms unveil'd, and zones unbound,
And Love, and Youth, which, rest of thee,
No charm can boast,—and Mercury.

XXXI.

QUID DEDICATUM.

HAT gift shall the poet request, who adores
At the shrine of Apollo, what prayer offer
up ?

What boon shall he ask, as he votively pours
The first sparkling libation that flows from his cup ?

¹ According to Cicero (*De Nat. Deo.*) there were four Venus's. The fourth was the *Ashtoreth* of the Phœnicians, who, according to Heeren and many learned authorities, penetrated to the remote western regions to which their commerce extended. She was known to the Greeks as *Astarte* (hinc *αστηρ*), and she is still traced in Ireland, in the endearing word "*ASTHORE.*" See O'Brien on the Round Towers of Ireland, p. 213.

It is not the wealth of Sardinia's rich fields,
Nor of flocks that in sunny Calabria stray,
Nor that Ind's golden treasure, or ivory yields,
Or those plains the calm Lyrus eats mutely away.


Prune Cales' choice vines, ye whom fortune hath blest,
Let the merchant from bowls that in gold have been
wrought,
Pledge the gods, when thrice saved from the waves of
the west,
In wines which the traffic of Syria hath bought.

Plain succories, olives, soft mallows, in bliss
Can the hour of my simple reflection employ,
Then son of Latona, grant, grant me but this,
That the little I have, I have health to enjoy.

In the evening of life, that with intellect clear,
O'er the light of my spirit, no shade may be flung,
Nor an old age inglorious may close my career,
Nor my frame be unnerved, nor my harp be unstrung.

XXXII.

POSCIMUR.

F oft together we have play'd,
In idle hour, and happy shade,
If, from those fond embraces, some
Sweet lays shall live long years to come,


Now then, my gentle Barbiton,¹
 A Latin song—we're call'd upon.
 Such as first sang, 'mid war's alarms,
 The Lesbian chief, tho' fierce in arms,
 Or, anchoring on the sandy ooze
 His storm-toss'd bark, he wak'd the Muse
 To Venus and the child divine
 Ne'er absent, and the God of wine,
 And Lycus of the soft black eye,
 And clust'ring curls of darkest dye.

Sweet shell, Apollo's pride, above,
 Dear to the feasts of mighty Jove,
 And solace, in this world of care,
 Still aid my song, and hear my prayer.

¹ The lyre is the most ancient of all musical contrivances. Its origin is attributed to *Mercury* and a host of others. The harp and barbiton are varieties of the same instrument. The barbiton, which the poet here addresses, according to Athenæus, was the invention of the Teian bard (το εὐρημα του Αναχρεοντος). The silver harp, which was the guerdon of the successful competitors in the once celebrated Eisteddfodd (the British Olympic), was in the possession of Sir Roger Mostyn in Pennant's time. Powel tells us that *Gryffydd ap Cynan* brought out of Ireland "divers cunning musicians, who devised all the instrumental music" then used. "With all respect to our Sister Kingdom," says Mr. Pennant, "I must imagine, that if our instruments were not originally *British*, we were copyists from the *Romans*, who, again, took their instruments from the *Greeks*." It is remarkable that in our own time the harp should be associated with the national feelings still cherished by those two kindred races, now becoming absorbed into that which they had so long and successfully resisted, against such overwhelming odds; and like the Romans, whose power the ancient inhabitants of *Britain* so valiantly withstood, are now dying out in their turn, in accordance with the gradual progress of human degeneration. *Sic transit!*

XXXIII.

ALBI, NE DOLEAS.

IBULLUS, now no more awaken
 The sweetness of thy sorrowing strain,
 By fickle Glycera forsaken,
 Resign her to a younger swain.

The fair Lycoris burns for Cyrus,
 The maiden of the tiny brow,¹
 For Pholoë is he desirous,
 The rugged maid that spurns his vow.

For sooner savage wolves, that over
 Appulias's fearful forest prowl,
 In timid goat shall find a lover,
 Than Pholoë, in one so foul.

'Tis thus the Goddess frail hath sported
 With many a heart in bitter joke,
 Sent forms and tempers ill-assorted,
 To struggle in the brazen yoke.

¹ Some are of opinion that the word "*tenui*," as here used by Horace, is to be understood merely as an epithet of endearment, and not in the unphrenological literality of a contracted forehead. Torrentius takes it to be synonymous with the *απαλον* of Anacreon (Ode XXIX.) which Moore, however, considers incorrect.

Myself, while courted by a better,
 Fair Myrtale, by birth a slave,
 Hath bound in love's delicious fetter,
 Tho' fierce as Adria's winding wave.

XXXIV.

PARCUS DEORUM.



UFF'D up by wisdom's silly airs,
 I seldom deign'd to say my prayers :
 But finding I had gone astray,
 Was fain to steer another way.
 For when with lightning's lurid glare
 The Heavenly Father fills the air,
 The clouds it mostly bursts asunder ;
 But late he bade the booming thunder,
 Thro' heaven's unclouded azure, rattle
 Its flying car and flaming cattle.
 The shock disturbed the wand'ring fountains,
 From Styx to the Atlantic mountains,
 Made horrid Tænarus to shake,
 And caused the very earth to quake.
 Great Providence, in many cases,
 The lowly lifts, the high displaces ;
 And Fortune, borne on pinion loud,
 Will strip the temples of the proud,
 And oft delights she to bestow
 Those ravish'd honours on the low.

XXXV.

O DIVA GRATUM.



H, Goddess stern, fair Autumn reigning o'er,
Ever at hand, to ruin or restore,
Bid the fallen wretch his happier lot resume,
Or level greatness with the silent tomb.

On thee, with anxious prayer, the sons of toil,
That plough Carpathian wave, or stubborn soil,
With pointed share, or Thynian vessel call,
Ruler of each, and arbitress of all.

Cities and states would fain thine aid procure,
The Latian hero, and the Dacian boor :
Thy power austere the savage Scythian tames,
And purpled offspring of barbaric dames.

Spurn not beneath thy unrelenting heel,
The stately column of the commonweal ;
Nor brook tumultuous cry of factious men,
That calls to arms, to arms, the wavering citizen.

Before thy steps, in grim procession see,
Thy constant handmaid, dire Necessity :
Clutch'd in the tension of her brazen grasp,
Huge spikes and wedges, and the bracing clasp,
Around whose strained and iron gripe is shed,
The firming fusion of the liquid lead.

Hope, rob'd in white, and rare fidelity,
E'en in thy anger fondly cling to thee,

When thou, no more in stately halls array'd,
Dost "flaunt in rags, that fluttered in brocade."


Thy failing favours ever yet portend
The faithless wanton, and the hollow friend :
The worthless crowd, whom well-filled pitchers please,
Who drained their plenty, will desert the lees,
Nor, 'mid the dregs of vanish'd joys, will those
Who shared your pleasures wait to soothe your woes.

Preserve great Cæsar, now about to steer
Where distant Britain bounds this nether sphere,
And young recruits, whose terror stretches o'er
The Eastern regions, to the Red Sea shore.

Alas, it shames me, this fraternal rage ;
What guilt is wanting to our ruthless age ?
What do our youth, of evil actions shun ?
What "crime and outrage" have they left undone ?
What altars free from their impieties,
Without the fear of God before their eyes ?
Oh, on new anvils forge our blunted swords,
Against the Scythian and Arabian hordes.

XXXVI.

ET THURE, ET FIDIBUS.

 IS sweet to offer, while the blood
Of sterling pours the votive flood,
Both song and incense, to appease
Numida's guardian deities,

Who, from the farthest shores of Spain,
 Revisits cherish'd friends again ;
 And many an old familiar face
 Is press'd by many a fond embrace,
 But none than Lamia's more fond :
 In youth, together they had con'd,
 Under one Master, wisdom's page,
 And chang'd their gowns in riper age.

This happy day in white be chalk'd,
 Nor be th' unfailing pitcher balk'd,
 Nor, Salian-like,¹ shall respite be
 To dancing and festivity ;
 Nor Damalis, in Thracian glasses
 For prowess fam'd, shall conquer Bassus.
 Here 'mid the banquet shall be seen
 The parsley's long-enduring green,
 And here shall blend their transient hour,
 The purple and the pallid flower.

Each eye, dissolv'd in melting bliss,

¹ A curious state of things arises from time to time in the western portion of the kingdom, so whimsically analogous, that I am surprised the witty little hunchback, or his facetious contemporary, has not long since got hold of it. After the example of the *Salii* or priests of Mars (the Church Militant, I presume, of the antients), the refractory disciples of those geographically ultramarine, and spiritually ultramontane parts, have literally given to the Apostles of the "*Mission*" the identical designation which furnishes a convenient rhyme in our succeeding ode: and to make the resemblance still more amusing, from the *Saliæres dapes*, they have received an additional appellation derived from the *cuisine*. In further illustration of this characteristically *pugnacious* subject, see also Schrevelius, Art. Πολεμικος bellicosus (hinc Angl. *Polemic*.)

Its swimming gaze, on Damalis
 Now fondly turns, who, all unmoved,
 Clings to the one so lately lov'd;
 Whose strong embrace, like ivy twin'd,
 No rival lover shall unbind.

XXXVII.

NUNC EST BIBENDUM.




SOME fill, my friends, and let us beat
 The ground with unremitting feet.
 This is the time the Gods to feast
 With dainties that would gorge a priest
 Of doughty Mars: the jolly Jumpers
 We'll imitate, in brimming bumpers.
 Ere now 'twas sinful for a man
 To broach paternal Cœcuban,
 While the mad Queen prepared the fall
 Of Rome and of the Capitol,
 And hoped, with fortune's favours drunk,
 To set the Empire in a funk;
 Whose warriors vile pollute the seas,
 Infected with a foul disease;
 But when nigh all her ships were burned,
 Her fury then to terror turned,
 As in her wake our Cæsar sped,
 The *native* reeling in her head.

While pigeon-like she tries to balk
 Pursuit, he follows like a hawk,
 Or hunter who pursues the flight
 Of hare on Hemon's snowy height,
 And plies the oars that he might get her
 (The fatal monster) in his fetter.
 A nobler death her soul prefers,
 That quails not at the threatened brand,
 No woman's shrinking heart is her's,
 To seek some unfrequented strand ;
 But sternly dares, the fallen Queen
 To see her ruin'd halls,—to grasp
 With brow unchang'd, and soul serene,
 The venom of the deadly asp ;
 Ere dragg'd by hostile hands, to dare
 With calm resolve, the destined blow,
 Die as befits a Queen, but ne'er
 Adorn the triumph of a foe.

XXXVIII.

PERSICOS ODI.

 HERE'S nothing that so much I hate as
 This pompous Persian apparatus ;
 Give me no Crowns with linden braided,
 Nor seek the latest rose unfaded.

Plain myrtles bind, nor labour lad,
For either of us aught to add,
Whilst I reclining (you attending)
Drink with the vine-trees o'er me bending.



BOOK II.

I.

MOTUM EX METELLO.

THE civil war, its causes and its crimes,
Which in Metellus' times o'erspread the land,
The Chiefs' disastrous leagues, in those dread
times

Of blood yet unatoned, schemes darkly plann'd,
To be the sport of Fortune! Here you stand
Amid the ashes of the past, nor see
Their smouldering fires: Such perilous themes demand
Sole effort, till from public annals free,
Again you court the Muse of mournful tragedy,

Thou, friend of the oppress'd. Awhile forego
The buskin'd scene, thou, whom the fathers hear
In counsel, thou, immortal Pollio,
Wreathed in Dalmatian triumph. On mine ear,
Methinks e'en now the distant clarion, near
And nearer swells—now o'er the tumult, roll
Shrill echoes. Frighted steed, and dazzling spear,
Chiefs grimed with glorious dust, whose stern control
O'erawes a vanquished world—all save the sterner soul

Of Cato ! Juno, overcome by Fate,
 Fled unaveng'd, with Afric's favouring Powers,
 Till she, the Victor's sons might immolate,
 An offering to Jugurtha's shade. What showers
 Of Latin blood that impious war of ours
 Shed on the conscious plain their richness feeds !
 What wand'ring stream, what far off sea, whose shores
 Have witness'd not those lamentable deeds,
 Till ruin's wail was heard far as the distant Medes.

What land uncrimson'd with Apulia's blood ?
 What billow blushed not for those impious frays ?
 Yet pause rash Muse, nor let the mournful mood
 Usurp the string of sad Simonides :
 Nor turn thee from thy light and jocund ways.
 With me, sweet Dionæan bowers among,
 To Beauty wake thy ever mirthful lays,
 To gayer themes the livelier strain prolong,
 And strike the lighter lyre to less sonorous song.

II.

NULLUS ARGENTO.



H Crispus Sallust, aye the foe
 Of hidden treasures lying low
 In greedy mine,
 No benefit can they produce,

Save in a meritorious use,
'Tis there they shine.

Thus, Proculeius's name
Shall long survive, while soars his fame
On wing sublime ;
Renown'd among the great and good,
For his paternal brotherhood,
To after time.

Could'st thou both Carthages, and all
From Lybia to far Gades call
Thy own—thy SELF,
An ampler empire yet, would prove,
If guarded from debasing love
Of sordid pelf.


The direful dropsy never ceases,
But with indulgence still increases
Its morbid thirst ;
The bloated langour to relieve,
From the foul system you must drive
The causes first.

Conscience, Phraätes throne excludes
From all the proud beatitudes
That power can give us ;
The maxims of the world may force
False names on things, but stern remorse
Will undeceive us.

He only wears the crown, which no
 Invidious power can overthrow,
 The man whose moral
 Worth can survey with listless eye
 The glittering heap, and pass it by,
 His—his the laurel.

III.

ÆQUAM MEMENTO.¹

 H Dellius, endeavour
 Thy breast to inure,
 To what trial soever
 'Tis thine to endure;
 Whate'er be thy fate,
 Since thy life's but a span,
 Let not fortune elate,
 Let not sorrow unman.

Whether care shall have festered
 Thy heart to its core,
 Or in some green sequestered
 Retreat thou shalt pour,

¹ Quintus Dellius, to whom this ode is addressed, was a sort of "Vicar of Bray" in his time. From the death of Caius Julius he successively joined every contending party in the State that the civil commotions happened for the time to throw into the ascendant.

Old Falernian wine,
By the wandering stream,
Where the poplar and pine
Weave a shade from the beam.

While fortune smiles on thee,
Ere yet the frail thread
That the Destinies spun thee,
In darkness hath sped,
Bring the richest perfume,
Quaff the wine as it flows,
'Mid the fast fading bloom
Of the exquisite rose.

Yellow Tiber, his billow,
When thou shalt be naught,
Shall roll on by the villa
And groves thou hast bought,
But could'st thou not claim
Even a roof from the blast,
It will all be the same
When this bleak world is past.


When "life's happy measure"
Thou canst not recall,
And some heir to thy treasure
Is lord of thy hall,

What descent hath been thine,
 It matters not then,
 From old Inachus' line,
 Or the meanest of men.

One path lies before us ;
 For each in his turn
 The lot trembles o'er us,
 It shakes in the urn ;
 And sooner or late
 Shall the last fleeting breath
 Waft the exile of fate,
 On the voyage of death.

IV.

NE SIT ANCILLÆ.

 H wherefore, good Phoceus, should'st thou be
 ashamed,
 With the love of thy handmaid to glow ?
 Briseis, the haughty Achilles inflamed,
 By the charm of her bosom of snow.

On the form of Tecmessa his slave, was the love,
 Of Ajax of Telemon lavished,
 And surrounded by triumph, Atrides could prove
 A captive to charms that were ravish'd,

When the scattered barbarians, of Hector bereft,
 Did the hero of Thessaly break,
 And Troy was an easier victory left
 To the arms of the war-wearied Greek.


You know not how rich or illustrious your
 Bright-hair'd Phillis's father and mother ;
 She mourns o'er her house's disasters, for sure
 She's of some royal race or another.

Of gentle blood, trust me, thy Phillis must be,
 Of such constancy to her adorer,
 So abhorrent of lucre too, certainly she
 Needn't blush for the mother that bore her.

I can praise arms and ancles, and looks that are dear,
 With sensations as pure as delicious,
 But when on the verge of his fortieth year
 A man trembles—no more be suspicious.

V.

NONDUM SUBACTA.

 END not to love's yoke, the young neck of the
 maiden,
 Ere its burden of bliss, she have power to sustain;
 Like the maids of the pasture, yet loth to be laden
 With the ponderous rush of the sires of the plain ;

Whose joy is to rove thro' the green marshy willows,
 To join with the steers in their merriest play,
 Or to bathe her young limbs in the soft sunny billows
 As they sparkle along on a Midsummer day.

Let the clusters be ripe, ere your lips shall have sought
 'um,


Time quickly will mellow the maid and the vine,
 Soon the purple shall tinge the rich glow of their autumn,
 And her years shall wax wanton, when yours shall
 decline.

For the heart will grow warm, as the maiden grows older,
 And Lalage, dear as young Pholoë be,
 (That coyest of maids) or as Chloris, whose shoulder
 Glances pure as the night-beam that sleeps on the sea.

Or Gyges, whose half-girlish face should you mingle
 In a crowd of young maids, with his long-flowing hair,
 Not Ulysses himself the young Cyndian could single
 From the fond fairy forms of the frail and the fair.

VI.

SEPTIMI, GADES.

EPTIMIUS, who would'st roam with me
 To Gades far, or Syrtes rude,
 Where ever boils the Moorish sea,
 Or to Cantabria unsubdued;

My life's decline, its travails o'er,
Thro' tented field, o'er land and sea,
As did the Argive kings of yore,
Would choose the shades of Tivoli.

But if by adverse fates denied,
Nor here my weary wand'ring ceases,
I'd seek Galesus' gentle tide,
Whose shepherds sweathe the tender fleeces.


Where reigned the Spartan, Earth supplies
No spot to lure my steps away from,
Whose honey, with Hymettus vies,
Its olive, with the green Venafrum.

Here winters mild the Gods allot,
Here summer sheds a lengthen'd lustre,
Here Aulon's vineyards envy not
The richness of Falernian cluster,

Here shalt thou dwell with me. And here,
Those sweet secluded hills among,
O'er my warm ashes drop a tear,
The meed of friendship, and of song.

VII.

O SÆPE MECUM.

OMPEY, my earliest friend, thou hast
With me thro' many a trial past
When Brutus led us. Whose command
Restores thee now to native land,
And to thy country's Gods again,
Once more a Roman citizen?
With brimming goblet, wreathed with flowers,
We've often broke the loitering hours,
While odours, o'er each glossy head,
The Syrian Malobathrum shed.
We, from Philippi, shared the flight,
(I lost my shield which was not right,)
But what could all our valour do,
Our boastful ranks, when broken thro' ?
And many a chin, besmeared with blood,
That day lay sticking in the mud.
But me, swift Hermes, in a cloud,
Bore trembling thro' the hostile crowd,
While thee, the tide of war once more
Back on its boiling billows bore.
Therefore, to Jove due off'rings pay,
And then, my old Champaigner, lay
Beneath these laurel shades of mine
Thy weary limbs, nor spare the wine ;

Let Massic brim the burnished bowl,
To shed its Lethé o'er thy soul.

Pour oils from ample shells, but who
Shall weave the parsley bathed in dew?
Who myrtles twine? who rule the feast?
I rave like Bacchanalian priest:
Sweet frenzy fires the festive board,
That welcomes back the friend restored.

VIII.

ULLA SI JURIS.

THOSE vows, when you've broke them,
If e'er, faithless girl,
Of the sweet mouth that spoke them,
They tarnish'd one pearl,
Could thy falsehood but grieve thee,
One finger but stain—
Oh then I'd believe thee,
Barine, again.

Tho' the faith thou hast plighted,
That heart could forget,
Still lovers, tho' slighted,
Will flock round thee yet;
Falsehood only enhances
The charm of thy smiles,

And more lovely each glance is,
The more it beguiles.

The lost one that bore thee,
The mute orbs of eve,
And the Gods that rule o'er thee,
Fain would'st thou deceive ;
Yet do young lovers under
Thy roof come to sigh,
Nor the old break asunder,
Who threaten to fly.

The nymphs all so simple,
The Goddess of bliss,
With a smile in each dimple,
Looked archly on this ;
And Love, his hot shaft, while
He whetted in gore,
Cruel Love only laughed, while
The false one forswore.

Each matron is fearing
The fate of her son,
Lest by looks too endearing,
His heart should be won ;
Old misers feel terror,
On whom thou hast smiled,
And young brides, lest to error,
A spouse be beguiled.

IX.

NON SEMPER IMBRES.



H VALGIUS, my afflicted friend,
Rude storms will vex the Caspian Sea,
Show'rs o'er the furrowed land descend,

Yet not for ever, such things be;
Nor, on Arminia's frozen shore,
The ice endures for evermore.

The leafless ash will yet bud forth,
And so should happier hours sustain us,
Nor ever rends, the stormy North,

The lab'ring oaks of Mount Garganus;
But time to thee brings no relief,
No kind forgetfulness of grief.

Thou mournest for thy Myses gone,
The evening star beholds thy sorrow,
It flees before the morning sun

That brings to thee no cheerful morrow;
The Phrygian sisters mourned not thus,
Nor parents of young Troilus.


Then let not grief thy soul subdue;
Not thus did he who numbered o'er
Thrice told, the years that mortals do,

His lov'd Antilochus deplore;
But sweep with me the sounding strings,
To the fresh triumphs Cæsar brings.

The snowy peaks of far Niphates
 No elegiac strains demand,
 Nor humbled tides of proud Euphrates,
 That roll o'er many a conquered land ;
 Nor fierce Sarmatian, as he reins
 His steed within diminished plains.

X.

RECTIUS VIVES.

 ICINIUS, the golden
 Mid course should'st thou steer,
 Let not rashness embolden,
 Nor yield thou to fear ;
 Be thy way o'er life's billows
 So evenly shaped,
 That its storms and its shallows
 Alike be escaped.

Let not poverty's dwelling,
 Nor grandeur's be thine ;
 When the tempest is swelling,
 It rends the tall pine ;
 On the mountain, the thunder
 Most wings its red flash,
 And high towers fall asunder,
 With deadlier crash.

One God rules each variance
Of sunshine and storm,
And the breast that experience
Hath taught to conform—
Prudence shall not forsake it,
Tho' fortune seem fair,
Tho' reverses o'ertake it,
It shall not despair.

Nor, tho' grieved, doth it follow,
'Twill always be so,
For sometimes Apollo
Relaxes his bow ;
Of the lyre, that in slumber
And silence hath lain,
He wakes each wild number,
To sweetness again.

In poverty cheerful,
Still struggle to be ;
Nor of fortune seem fearful,
Whate'er her decree ;
If her frown should prevail,
To thy fate be resigned,
Nor spread too much sail
To a prosperous wind.¹

¹ How strikingly illustrative of their respective characters is the above passage, compared with the following lines of Burns: the

XI.

QUID BELLICOSUS.



HAT the rude Scythian, or the brave
 Cantabrian would do,
 Beyond th' Adriatic wave,
 It matters not to you :

Nor be solicitous for more,
 Still limit thy desires ;
 Quinctius Hirpinus, little store,
 This fleeting life requires.

Soon Beauty's charm, and passion's thrill,
 And youth, with all its joys,
 And slumbers soft, that come at will,
 Gray, sapless age destroys.

The bloom of spring must be resigned,
 The bright moon have her wane ;
 Why harass, then, thy restless mind,
 Unequal to the strain ?

wild enthusiasm of that impassioned child of nature, and the didactic coldness of the Roman moralist :—

“Then top and main-top *crowd the sail,*
Heave care o'er side !
 And large, before enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.”

Why not, beneath these spreading boughs,
 In dreamy listlessness,
 With roses wreath'd (while fate allows),
 Conceal each silvering tress?

Where pine or spreading plane-trees throw
 Cool shadows o'er the sward,
 There let the rosy torrent flow,
 Inhale the Syrian nard.

Wine dissipates corroding care :
 What nimble youth¹ shall fly,
 To temper the Falernian, where
 The streamlet bubbles by?

And Lyde—whose persuasive powers,
 From home shall tempt the Syren,
 To seek these festive shades of ours,
 To tune her ivory lyre in?

¹ "Quis puer ocus," etc. Mr. Martin and Professor Connington have interpreted this passage differently. The one is for bringing the wine to the water, and the other, for bringing the water to the wine, which makes the difference of merely cooling by immersion, or Amphictyon-like, of actual admixture. The latter supposition is supported by Anacreon, *Αλε δη, φερ, ημιν, ω παι*, etc. (Ode LVII.). Mr. Martin instances the "glowing tribute" of Catullus to the "*skill*" of his cupbearer, in serving up the pure "*Native*," as he calls it (p. 282), which reminds one forcibly of the Irishman, whose skill in *mixing* his grog consisted in the *omission* of the deteriorating ingredient.

Quick ! see she tarries not behind,
 And bid the wayward leman,
 In graceful knot her tresses bind,
 Like maid of Lacedæmon.

XII.

NOLIS LONGA FERÆ.



H do not task this feeble string,
 Numantia's lengthen'd wars to sing,
 Or Punic chief, or Punic slaughter,
 That tinged Sicilia's crimson'd water.
 Hylæus, flush'd with wine, my lay
 Suits not, nor savage Lapithæ,
 Nor the great Youthes that could appal
 Old Saturn's bright but tottering wall,
 Till forced, their efforts to desist,
 When quelled by Herculean fist.

Mæcenas, thy historic prose
 Shall Cæsar's battles best disclose ;
 What proud kings did his triumph's deck,
 Lugg'd through the streets by nape of neck.

Muse mine, it is thy gentler choice,
 To praise the lov'd Licymnia's¹ voice,


¹ Mr. Martin rejects the opinion of Bentley, who recognises in the fair Licymnia, no other than the wife of Mæcenas, the equally fair and wayward Licinia Terentia ; and suggests the "*puella*" of

The soothing song and flashing eye,
The passion, the fidelity,
That league in that soft soul, to prove
How well it renders love for love.
How gracefully each glowing waist
Of the fair girls, on Dian's feast,
Those arms entwine, nor doth the dance
Disgrace such ancles as they glance ;
And then, such powers of repartee !
Oh, for the wealth of Araby,
For all that e'er Archæmenes
Possess'd, would'st change one charm of these ?
For all the wealth Mygdonian swain,
Hath reap'd on Phrygia's fertile plain,
Barter one solitary tress
That shades Licymnia's loveliness,
Droops o'er that neck that turns to greet thee
With the wild lips that mock, yet meet thee,
That, sweetly cruel, shun thy kisses,
Or snatch themselves, the burning blisses.

the third Epode, who, not having a taste for *garlic*, the poet maliciously hopes may repel the advances of her admirer. Why not take a moral view of the case, by supposing the identity of all three, while (if we may borrow a phrase from Horace himself) the *uxor* "olentis mariti" endeavours to defend herself from unsavoury attentions, "in extrema sponda." This would be a "pious belief," and would put the right woman in the right place.

XIII.

ILLE ET NEFASTO.

 LL-OMEN'D tree, with thee some luckless hand,
 In evil hour, did desecrate my land ;
 Fain hadst thou been, oh thou my farm's disgrace,
 The fell assassin of a future race.
 That hand (I do believe it) would fulfil
 The amplest measure of all earthly ill :
 Steal to the chamber of a sleeping guest,
 And stain the threshold from his bleeding breast,
 Break an old Father's neck, mix poisons rank,
 That planted thee, thou melancholy plank,
 With murderous malice, ready to fall down,
 And crush thy master's unoffending crown.
 Not always feel we whence our peril ; thus,
 The Punic sailor dreads the Bosphorus ;
 No danger else can terrify his mind,
 To every other, nautically blind.

Italian soldiers dread the shafts that fleet
 From Parthian quivers, in the dire retreat,
 They, as their squadrons scour the battle plains,
 Italian valour, and Italian chains ;
 But, to us mortals, still the stroke of fate
 Comes from some point we don't anticipate.

How near was I to those dark realms of death,
 And Æacus, who holds his court beneath ;

Those seats reserved, which pious souls attain,
 Where Sappho sorrows in Æolian strain
 (A mournful jealousy the song pervades,
 And chides the frailty of the Lesbian maids).
 And thee, Alcæus, from whose gilded shell,
 Soars the sonorous song's ascending swell
 To warlike strains, "the battle and the breeze,"
 The woes of exile, and the surging seas!
 Admiring spirits all enraptur'd seem,
 As either minstrel wakes the varying theme;
 The warrior's prowess, or the maiden's woe,
 While sacred silence stills the shades below.

But more, with thirsty ear, the vulgar throng
 Imbibe some revolutionary song,¹
 And, as to tales of strife the numbers swell,
 Shoulder their way to hear how tyrants fell.
 What marvel, when the Furies they disarm,
 And soothe their snaky locks with tranquilizing charm?
 E'en the huge hundred-headed hound of hell
 Slouches his ears, and owns the mighty spell.

Prometheus there, and Pelop's suffering sire
 Pause in their labours, listening to the lyre;
 Orion, too, while each sweet sound he drinks,
 Forgets to chase the lion or the lynx.

¹ A sort of Marseillaise hymn by *Citoyen* Alcæus ("*Lesbio Civi*"). In this passage I have taken some liberties, which, I trust, will be found to be the exceptions, not the rule.

XIV.

EHEU! FUGACES.



H Postumus! the years are glancing,
 Postumus, how fast they flee!
 Quick is wrinkled age advancing,
 Herald of mortality;
 Nor can piety restrain it:
 Not three hundred bulls a day
 Can, my friend, one moment gain it,
 One poor moment of delay,
 From that tearless, uncompliant
 Power that rules the Stygian throng,
 Geryon, and the lusty giant,
 Victim of Latona's wrong.¹

On the mournful margin meeteth,
 Of that melancholy wave,
 Every child of earth that eateth
 Of its bread, the lord and slave:
 'Tis in vain you live a stranger
 To the Adriatic seas,
 Storm and battle, and the danger
 Of the South's autumnal breeze;

¹ Tityos, who was shot to death by the arrows of Apollo and Diana, in revenge for the insult offered to their mother, Latona.

View thou must, the dreary waters,
 Where the dark Cocytus flows,
 Danaüs's direful daughters,
 Sisyphus's ceaseless woes.

When the homestead, and the meadow,
 And the grove, thine heir shall own,
 Thy sweet wife, a sweeter widow,
 And the cypress shade alone
 Mourneth o'er the sad bereavement,
 Then perchance a worthier man
 Soon shall stain the flowing pavement,
 With the hoarded Cæcuban,
 Whose rich stream, no longer darkling
 Under many a lock and key,
 Shall outshine the brightest, sparkling
 For a Pontiff's revelry.

XV.

JAM PAUCA ARATRO.



NOW palaces and gardens
 Have robbed the useful plough,
 And more than Lucrine waters
 O'erspread the cornfields now ;

Many the barren plane-trees,
Where now the elms are few,
And many a scented shrub and flower
Grows where the olive grew.

Amid no shady laurels,
Our fathers idly strolled,
In the shaggy-bearded Cato's time,
And Romulus' of old ;
Then the public wealth was ample,
And the private ever small,
Nor did the ten-foot rule mark out
The long extended wall ;
Nor then, from stately dwellings,
Stretch'd the long colonnade,
To shield them from the sunny south,
Or woo the breezy shade.

Their frugal laws disdained not
To use the simple sods,
The rude material chance supplied ;
But to uphold their City's pride,
Was ne'er the public purse denied ;
And with fresh stone, they beautified
The temples of the Gods.

XVI.

OTIUM DIVOS.



E, from whose bleak, benighted way,
The moon, o'erclouded heavens shall
hide,
No guiding star to shed its ray
Above the dark Ægean tide,

The sons of Thrace, in battle bold,
The quiver'd Mede, with graceful air,
Ease, which, nor purple, gems, nor gold
Can buy, oh Grosphus, is their prayer.

Nor regal wealth, nor palace proud
Bestows the boon that bids us rest,
Nor licitor quells the griefs that crowd
Too rudely round the suffering breast.

Whose salt, that antient bowl contains,
That graced his father's frugal cheer,
Rich in content, no sordid gains
Disturb his pillow with a fear.

Why waste we life's fast fleeting prime,
On many a fond, but fruitless aim?
Why bear a heart from clime to clime,
That here, or there, is still the same?

Nor brazen prow, nor charging steeds
Can leave corroding care behind ;
Fleet as the flying stag, it speeds,
More swiftly than the sweeping wind.

But he who grasps the present bliss,
Tho' ne'er from mingled troubles free,
Bears with a smile the ill that is,
Nor darkly bodes what is to be.


Short was Achilles' bright career,
Not so Tithonus', worn and old,
And I perchance may yet be here,
Oh Grosphus, when thou too art cold.

In harness'd pride thy courser neighs,
Twice drank thy robe its gorgeous dye,
And many a flock around thee strays,
And lowing herds of Sicily.

This rural spot, and some small strain
Of Sapphic song are mine ; and then,
Fate bids me view, with calm disdain,
The jealousies of vulgar men.

XVII.

CUR ME QUERELIS.

HY kill me with complaints so sad?
The gods, Mæcenas, have forbid
That I should live, when thou my stay
And ornament shalt pass away.

When my soul's dearer part is gone,
Why follow not the worser one?
We'll tread together (I have sworn
No idle oath) our latest bourne.

Altho' the scorpion's baleful power
Had frown'd upon my natal hour,
Nor monster of the fiery throat,
Nor Libra, nor the stormy goat,
That tyrant of Hesperian seas,
Should overrule our destinies;
Nor Heaven's huge hundred-handed foe,
Resistless justice overthrow,
Which doth, with kindly Fate, combine,
Thy horoscope, to blend with mine.

Thee, Jupiter's auspicious beam,
From the fell Saturn, could redeem;
And Fate's ferocious wing was drooped,
Ere yet the fatal pinion swoop'd,
When joyful plaudits, loud and far,
Thrice shook the crowded theatre.

My head, a falling tree had broke,
 Had Pan not warded off the stroke
 With his right hand, that ever guards
 The sacred persons of the bards.

A lamb my humble off'ring, thine
 The costlier victims, and the shrine.

XVIII.

NON EBUR.



ENEATH my humble roof, you see
 Nor gilded arch, nor ivory :
 Nor are Hymethian timbers laid
 Upon the gorgeous colonnade,
 From Afric hewn. No heir unknown,
 Have I usurped the Mysian's throne :
 No gentle-blooded spinsters, I
 Employ to weave the Spartan dye ;
 But honour, and a vein benign
 Of happiest genius—these are mine :
 Tho' poor, the rich man seeks my door,
 And Heaven is kind—I ask no more.

Content with this, my humble fortune,
 My powerful friend I don't importune ;
 Blest with my Sabine farm alone,
 'Tis all I do, or care to own.

Day follows day, moon follows moon,
 Thou giv'st the marbles to be hewn,
 And not contented with the land,
 The wave that breaks on Baiæ's strand
 Must yield its wild domain to thee,
 Unmindful of mortality ;
 And when the structure tow'rs on high,
 Behold the stately pile—and die !

How is it, that the rich will sure
 O'erleap the boundaries of the poor ?
 Wives, husbands, household gods must fly,
 And all the unwashed progeny.¹

What further dost thou seek ? to no
 More certain mansion must thou go,
 Than that which all impartial Earth
 Provides her sons, whate'er their birth,
 That one last bourne, rapacious fate
 Hath for the lowly and the great.

Here, not Prometheus' gold could tell
 Upon the Satellite of hell ;

¹ Had Horace lived in the present times he would have been as strenuous a tenant-righter as the learned Justice Shee. The picture he draws of an *eviction* differs in no way from our own, save that the Irish women, after the manner of their ancestresses of Mount Atlas, carry their "*sordidos natos*," not according to Horace "in sinu," but, according to Sir William Jones, on their backs. "*Mulieres Hibernicarum more*," says that accomplished Eastern scholar, "*liberos humeris circumferunt*." The same author says, "*Shilhensus populus eundem quem Arabes, Judæi, et Hiberni habent ritum mortem amicorum deplorandi, vociferando, Ough hone! Ough hone! cur mortuus es?*"

Here, Tantalus's haughty race
 Have found their last abiding place ;
 Invoked or not, their labours past,
 Here shall the weary rest at last.

XIX.

BACCHUM IN REMOTIS.¹



SAW the cloven-footed herd,
 (Posterity will take my word)
 Of satyrs, mingled with the throng
 Of nymphs that listened to the song ;
 With ears intent, each note they caught,
 'Mid the lone rocks where Bacchus taught.
 Hurrah ! my spirit is possessed,
 And all the wine-god fills my breast :
 Terror and joy unwonted roll
 Their mingled tumults thro' my soul.
 Spare me—Hurrah ! I rave ! I fear !
 God of the ivy wreathed spear !

¹ This ode is called a Dithyrambic, and supposed to be imitated from the Greek. The origin of the word is attributed to Dithyrambus, a Theban, who, according to some, invented these hymns in honour of Bacchus. Gale, in his "Court of the Gentiles," quotes authorities in favour of Orpheus, as the first who introduced the rites of Bacchus into Greece. The "Parian Chronicle" attributes them to Hyagnis, a Phrygian: *Υαγνις ο φρυξ αυλους πρωτος ηυρεν εγ Κελαιναις της Φρυγιας, και την αρμονιαν την καλουμενην Φρυγισι πρωτος ηυλησε, και αλλους νομους Μητρος, Διονυσου, etc.* Lord Bacon has a curious dissertation on the fable of Dionysius.


'Tis mine to sing in many lays,
The ravings of the Thyades,
The milky stream that ceaseless rushes,
The rosy fountain as it gushes,
Honey, that trickles from the trees,
And overflows their cavities,
The glories of each starry gem
In Ariadne's diadem,
The impious Pentheus' prostrate walls,
And fell Lycurgus' ruined halls.

Barbaric billow, as it rolls,
Or river runs, thy might controls.
'Mid distant mountains, bathed in wine,
Wild Bacchanalian locks entwine,
(While votive madness rules the hour)
With harmless vipers—such thy power!

Tho' aye reputed apter at
The jovial dance, or merry chat,
More for the gentler hours of play,
Than for the tumults of the fray,
Yet did thy lion form o'erwhelm
Th' invaders of thy father's realm,
And their huge cohorts scatter far,
Great arbiter of peace and war.
Cerberus, crouching, to behold
Thy temples, decked with horn of gold,
Licked, with his triple tongue, thy feet,
And drooped his tail at thy retreat.

XX.

NON USITATA.

HUS doubly form'd, no hacknied wing
The poet wafts beyond the ken
Of all the enmities that spring
Among the haunts of envious men.

Tho' lowly born, the cherish'd friend,
Whom thou hast loved, shall never die ;
He ne'er, Mæcenus, shall descend
To Styx's cold captivity.

My thighs grow rough, and now my breast,
The form of snowy bird, assumes,
In feathers are my knuckles drest,
My shoulders clothed in downy plumes.

Swifter than he of waxen wing,
O'er sultry sand, or icy pole,
The minstrel bird shall soar and sing,
Where loud, the Thracian billows roll,

Far as the distant Danube foams,
By Caspian shores, or banks of Rhone,
Far as "the rude Sarmasian" roams,
To learn'd Iberian, not unknown.

Then weep not for the spirit freed,
Nor wake for me, one sorrowing strain,
No funereal rites I need,
And death's cold pageant mourns in vain.



EPILOGUE.

ODE XX.

AIR—"The bard's legacy."

WHEN removed from mankind, no more
Thy two-form'd poet shall linger here,
On no feeble wing, shall sublimely soar
From the reach of envy, his high career.
The bard who, thy friendship, once could merit,
Albeit Mæcenus, of humble birth,
No Stygean wave shall confine his spirit,
When once 'tis freed from the dross of earth.

E'en now, around me, methinks I feel
The down that roughens the cygnet's breast,
Athwart my shoulders the white plumes steal,
Of the bird that pines to her tuneful rest.
Never of old, did the youth in the story, on
Wing Dædalean, more swiftly soar,
From the Pontic loud, to the chill Hyperborean,
And sunny climes of Gætulia's shore.

When the light of my song is fled,
The Colchian, the Gelon, far away,
The Decian, and they who fain the dread
Of the Marsian cohort, shall learn my lay :
And he who shall drink, where the Rhone doth roll, in
The rush of its waters, when passing along,
And the sage Iberian shall soothe his soul, in
The sweetest strains of the bird of song.

When in death, I appear reclined,
Then let no tear be unseemly shed ;
Nor let one friend, whom I leave behind,
Waste one vain sigh, on the seeming dead :
Bid them not raise one sound of sorrow,
To sadden his latest hour, for whom,
A deathless fame shall forbear to borrow
The empty rite of a needless tomb.



CARMEN SÆCULARE.

D HÆBUS, and thou, heavenly maid,
Goddess of the sylvan shade,
Splendour of celestial rays,
Praised, and worthy of all praise,
Hear us at this sacred time,
When the Sybil's mystic rhyme
Hath, the maids and youths directed,
(For the sacred song selected)
To the Gods to chant the ditty,
Guardians of the seven-hill'd city.

Genial sun, whose glowing car
Daylight rolleth, wide and far,
Which, with equal glory glows,
When it sets, as when it rose,
Ever changing, ever one,
May'st thou never shine upon
Aught more glorious, thro' thy hours
Of glory, than these walls of ours.

Ilithyia, whate'er
Name invoked by, hear her prayer;
Whether Genitalis, she,
Or Lucina, calleth thee,

Save the matron from miscarriage,
Multiply the fruits of marriage,
Aid the father's legislation,
And the laws of propagation,
And once more restore the nation
To its wonted population,
Which, when years ten times eleven
Shall have circled in the heaven,
Thrice, in sunny hours shall throng
To the game and to the song,
And as often, when they fade
To the softer hours of shade.

And ye mystic sisters, who,
In prophetic strain, and true,
Did, the present settled state
Of affairs, prognosticate,
Ever bounteous, add to these,
All the happiest destinies.

May, while softest zephyrs breathe,
Ceres wear her bearded wreath;
Flocks, o'er fertile pastures wending,
Sun show'rs on the earth descending,
Air, to tender brood, propitious,
Redolent of fruits delicious.

Phœbus, with thy bow unbent,
Hear each youthful suppliant;
Crescent queen of starry sky,
Hear the maiden's minstrelsy.

Rome if yours, if your decree,
On the shores of Tuscany,
Bad the Gods of Ilium
To their future city come,
And the wand'ring warriors, whom,
Chaste Æneas, from the doom
Of the burning city, led,
By no fraud of his, to tread
Shores, whose glory rivals all
Those of which he saw the fall.
Youth, ye Gods, to virtue train,
And when life is in the wane,
Make us tranquil, and the state,
Wealthy, populous, and great.

Him, ye Gods, whose blood hath run
From Anchises' mighty son,
Born of Venus, who reveres
Your divinity, with steers,
Victims of unspotted white,
Make him in the ghastly fight,
Terrible to overthrow,
Lenient to a fallen foe.

Now the Mede, by land and sea,
Yields to our authority ;
Haughty Scythia now is still ;
India waits upon our will ;
Faith and honour, peace and shame,
Long neglected, we reclaim,

Ancient virtues that had vanished,
Plenty, with her horn replenish'd.

Phœbus, favourite of the Nine,
Phœbus, skilful to divine,
And the healing balm bestow,
Phœbus of the silver bow !
If he cast a look benign
On the lofty Palatine,
To another lustrum, may
Flourish Rome's imperial sway,
To another age, progress,
Latium's growing happiness.

Maid of Algidus, incline
(Goddess of the Aventine)
To the youths that worship thee,
And the Quindecemviri.

We, the chorus, skilled to raise
Phœbus' and Diana's praise,
Now, with certain hope, retire,
That the universal Sire,
Our propitiation please,
And the favouring Deities.



APPENDIX.

BOOK I. ODE V.

AIR—"The Prince's day."

PYRRHA say, for what stripling, so scented and
slender,
In thy grot, strewn with roses, all blessing,
and blest,

Are those ringlets of thine, in the sunniest splendour
Of Nature's embellishment, simply drest :

How oft shall he rue

The Gods untrue,

Love's gentle horizon, with clouds o'er cast,

O'er its waters, alas,

That the storm should pass—

That the girl, in whose faith, like pure gold from the
mine,


By no falsehood alloy'd, he believed to the last,
Where affection and constancy seem'd to entwine,
Should be fickle and false, as the shifting blast!

Alas for the peace of the ill-fated lover,

Whose heart those untoward enchantments have won,
Who thus, when too late, shall be doom'd to discover,
How false was the charm that had lured him on :


No longer to glide
 O'er love's calm tide,
 O'er the wreck of whose hopes, the dark wave flows,
 As drifting o'er
 Life's dreary shore—
 A tablet of mine, to the God of the ocean,
 On the wall of his temple, now votively shows
 The off'ring I've hung, in my grateful devotion,
 To hallow his shrine with my streaming clothes.

THE SAME.

HAT youth crown'd with roses,
 And bathed in perfume,
 In thy grotto reposes,
 Oh Pyrrha! for whom,
 With a charm all so artless,
 Those bright locks are twined,
 Soon to mourn thee all heartless,
 And false as the wind.
 By the Gods when forsaken,
 'Twill burst, like the roar
 Of dark storms, when they break on
 Seas, tranquil before;
 Then, alas! for the lover
 That trusts to thy smile,
 Ere his bosom discover
 How yours could beguile.

In thee, he deem'd ever,
 True gold he should find—
 That that heart should be never
 Untrue or unkind.
 To the sea's mighty master,
 Votive garments of mine,
 Record my disaster,
 All dropping with brine.

THE SAME.

AY who is that slim little fellow,
 That clings with such urgent embrace,
 For whom, Pyrrha, those ringlets of yellow
 Are twined with so simple a grace,

In that grotto, where brightest of roses
 Around him have lavish'd their bloom,
 In whose dreamy seclusion, reposes
 The fond youth, bedew'd with perfume.


Alas! for the Gods that could alter,
 The heart whose affection could fail,
 How he'll weep for the faith that could falter,
 The love that could veer like the gale,

“When winds are at war with the ocean,”
 As that bosom (oh! strange to behold,)
 With the one, whose confiding devotion
 Mistook all that glitter'd for gold.


From the wreck, which the wild wave hath drifted,
Thus much is he fated to find,
That the love, he thought ne'er could have shifted,
Hath left but its sorrows behind.

In the temple, a tablet is showing
My vows to the God of the sea,
And the brine, from my wearables flowing,
That speaks of my peril and thee.

BOOK I. ODE XI.


EAR we our lot, nor impiously presume,
By arts forbid, to calculate our doom ;
Nor task Chaldean numbers to divine,
If many a winter yet, be yours or mine,
Or this, whose surfy wave, Leuconoë,
Breaks o'er Tyrrhanian rocks, our latest be.
Distrust the coming day, the present seize,
E'en as we speak, each envious moment flees ;
Then, since the glowing hours unfettered roll,
Imbibe the rosy wisdom of the bowl,
Ambitious hope's protracted dreams dismiss,
And hug the fond philosophy of bliss.

BOOK I. ODE XXI.

ING to the great twin children,
Ye girls, Diana praise,
To Cynthia of the flowing locks,
Ye boys, the anthem raise ;
Sing to the fair Latona,
So loved by mighty Jove,
Sing to the maid that loves to haunt
The streamlet and the grove,
Where the pines, dark Erymanthus,
With their gloomy shadows fill,
Or the green heights of Cragus,
Or Algidus the chill.

Let Phœbus' native Delos,
Ye youths, the song inspire,
And Tempe's vale, to equal praise,
And the proud shoulder that displays
The graceful quiver, wake the lays,
Deck'd with his brother's lyre.
So pestilence and famine,
And lamentable war,
Appeased by this your votive lay,
Apollo's power shall drive away,
Far as the Caspian's glittering spray,
Or, where the sun at close of day,
Lights the pale cliffs afar.


BOOK I. ODE XXIII.

HOU flees me Chloë, althegither,
 Like kid that seeks its bleating mither
 Wi' trembling knees, o'er trackless hether
 O' mountain dreary,
 Green lizards, as in brake they splatter,
 Aye mak' her eirie.

That starts, when zephyrs sough among
 The groves, wi' rustling boughs o'er hung ;
 Nae tiger I, nor lion, sprung
 Frae desert sandy,
 Then quat thy dam, thou'rt na o'eryoung
 For haughmagandy.

BOOK I. ODE XXVII.

AIR.—“Sing, sing, music was given.”

OLD, hold, Bacchus hath given
 The joys of the bowl, for blissful occasions ;
 Far hence be everything driven,
 Save “harmony's laws,” to the barbarous Thracians.
 When pleasure illumines the hour, and its stream,
 From the lip to the soul, its true extacy sends,
 Away with all clamour, no weapon should gleam,
 Where we gently recline in a circle of friends.
 Then hold, hold, etc.

Would'st thou that I fill another
 Falernian bowl—come, I'll take no denying ;
 Yon fair Opuntian's brother
 Shall tell with what exquisite wound he is dying.
 To ears that are faithful, thy secret impart,
 Nor blush for the flame that consumes thee within,
 For I never yet knew that the girl of thy heart
 Didn't furnish the fairest excuse for the sin.
 Then hold, hold, etc.

Ah me ! that dangerous syren !
 Thou'rt worthy a better than her thou art wooing ;
 Lost youth, thy fatal desire, in
 A fearful Charybdis, shall be thy undoing.
 What magician, what mixtures from Thessaly brought,
 What witch, or what god, can afford thee his aid,
 Scarce Pegasus self can avail thee, when caught
 In the toils such a threefold Chimæra hath laid.
 Then hold, hold, etc.

BOOK I. ODE XXX.

AIR.—“ Oh come to the bower I have shaded for you.”



H come to the temple she hath incensed for thee ;
 Thou, Queen of Love's delicious isles, to Glycera
 flee :

With each Grace (her zone unbound),
 And thy glowing son, be found,
 Youth—worthless save with Beauty bright, and Mercury.

BOOK I. ODE XXXVIII.

AIR.—“To ladies eyes a round, boy.”



ITH Persian pomp away boy,
 No chaplets bind, no chaplets bind,
 Nor twine the garland gay, boy,
 With linden rind, with linden rind :
 Nor toil thou in procuring
 The ling'ring rose, the ling'ring rose,
 The latest in enduring
 The summer's close, the summer's close,
 With Persian pomp, etc.
 The myrtle twine, nor labour,
 From stems that breathe, from stems that breathe,
 To cull one gaudy neighbour,
 To deck the wreath, to deck the wreath,
 With this, to wait on pleasure,
 Thy temples twine, thy temples twine,
 And mine, to sip at leisure,
 Beneath the vine, beneath the vine.
 Then with Persian pomp, etc.

BOOK II. ODE III.

(After the manner of POPE).



HRO' life's brief sojourn, bear an even mind,
 In joy or sorrow, temper'd or resigned.
 Whether this dreary pilgrimage below,
 Pass thro' one sad monotony of woe,

Or, in some happy, hospitable shade,
By spreading pine, and silver poplar made,
Where wand'ring waters, trembling as they stray,
Sparkle in bright velocity away,
On the green slope, life's blooming hours engage
In rosy dalliance with Falernian age.

Their joys, while yet o'er youth's soft season shed,
And the stern sisters spare the slender thread,
While fortune gilds those fleeting hours of thine,
Their wings anoint in odours, bathe in wine ;
And let the rose' too fleeting charms supply,
To teach the kindred "moralist to die."


Blest shades ! where yellow Tiber loves to roam,
Sweet smiling villa, and long cherished home,
Ye purchased groves, fair objects of his care,
Shall pass at last from Dellius to his heir.

What, tho' thy blood, from prince or peasant, flow,
All meet alike the unrespecting blow ;
The rich, the poor, the houseless, and the great,
Unequal victims of an equal fate.

One common urn still agitates our doom,
One common path conducts us—to the tomb ;
One destination guides the gloomy helm,
The endless exile of a silent realm.

BOOK II. ODE VI.


(An abridgement).

EPTIMIUS, who with me would'st brave
The desert wild, and stormy wave,
Where the old Argives sought repose,
Fain would my weary wandering close.

If this, the Fates refuse to grant us,
We'll seek the realm of old Phalantus,
Earth's sweetest spot, that soft and sunny
Land of the olive and the honey,
Mild skies, and vineyards that almost
The flavour of Falernum boast;
Here, with his yet warm ashes, blend
The tear that mourns the bard and friend.

BOOK II. ODE VIII.

AIR.—“Believe me if all those endearing young charms.”


D believe you, if ever one finger of yours,
Or a tooth, were profaned by a stain,
If by falsehood were sullied, one charm that allures,
Or thy bosom less free from a pain.
Thou shalt still be adored, when the vows thou hast
breathed,
That bosom hath failed to fulfil,
Around thy fair temples, when perjury's wreathed,
They but shine more endearingly still.

On thy mother, Barine, now cold in her urn,
 On the pale star that silently glows,
 Even on the undying celestials, in turn,
 On all heaven would thy falsehood impose.
 Gentle Venus herself, and the nymphs so demure,
 And fierce Cupid but laugh at thy guilt,
 As he whets the red shaft on the stone that is sure
 To be wet with the blood it has spilt.

Add, that those who first lov'd thee, love on to the close,
 Her who vainly they swear to eschew,
 And thy roof is still throng'd with successions of beaux,
 While thy charms sway the old and the new.
 Thee, prudent old gentlemen fear for their wards,
 And mother's are fearful as they,
 Young ladies grow jealous for fear of their lords,
 Ere the honey-moon passes away.

BOOK II. ODE X.

(After the manner of POPE).

IFE is the voyage of a dangerous sea,
 Its golden chart is mediocrity :
 Nor over rash, its stormy depths explore,
 Nor over cautious, hug the treacherous shore.
 Unenvied thus, from all extremes aloof,
 Avoid the splendid, as the sordid roof ;


The more the pine's extended limbs she waves,
 The more she labours when the tempest raves;
 Loud thunder most the massive mountain shakes,
 And the fall'n tower, a mightier ruin makes.
 Prosperous or adverse, whatsoe'r betide,
 Let hope sustain thee, and let caution guide.

One Power doth still the varying seasons bring,
 Scowls in the winter, brightens in the spring,
 So 'mid the worst, to happier things aspire,
 The God that bent the bow, will tune the lyre.

Ne'er let despondency expose thy need,
 The poor in spirit, are the poor indeed:
 Nor crowd too much the o'er inflated sail,
 Lest fortune overwhelm thee in a fav'ring gale.

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

“OTIUM.”—REPOSE.

E who roams the dark Ægean, with no star to
 light his way, on
 Ocean wild, in midnight shrouded, when the
 moon, no radiance throws,
 He, in quivered decoration, graceful Mede, and warlike
 Thracian,
 Seek with common aspiration (all which boundless
 wealth bestows
 May not purchase)—sweet repose.

Not the fasces, nor the palace can remove from sorrow's
chalice,
Tho' with gold and jewels studded, one regret that from
it flows ;
Happy he whose salt he'd rather, from the ancient bowl
to gather,
That had served his frugal father, while no sordid fear
he knows,
That could mar his calm repose.

Fleeting pride of manhood, therefore, why so many
projects care for ?
Borne to other climates, wherefore ? since from self no
exile goes ;
When grim care the bosom scourges, not the brazen
prow that urges
Her swift course amid the surges, can outstrip those
restless foes,
That assail our lov'd repose.

For unmerciful disaster can the war-horse overmaster ;
Fast as flying stag, and faster than the tempest as it
blows ;
But the spirit that can borrow, presently, surcease of
sorrow,
Sweetly reckless of to-morrow, smiles upon those petty
woes,
Never absent from repose.


So we find, condemn'd to fill his early grave, the young
Achilles,
While the aged Tithonus still is dwindling on thro'
wasting woes,
Haply may thy spirit wing her timeless flight, while
mine may linger
Many an hour, ere time shall bring her to the one that
comes to close
Darkly o'er her last repose.

Round thee, many flocks are straying, and Sicilian
herds are playing,
And the harness'd courser neighing, well, her wonted
service knows,
And rich garments round thee lying, bright from Afric's
double dyeing,
All their luxury supplying, where the gorgeous purple
glows,
Minister to thy repose.

But for me, some tuneful merit, doth my wayward soul
inherit,
Caught from that Alcæan spirit, that in early Greece
arose,
And above the vulgar rising, all their enmity despising,
Trusty Fate is realizing all the bliss that dwells in those
Dear rural shades, for my repose.

BOOK II. ODE XVII.

AIR.—“Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour.”

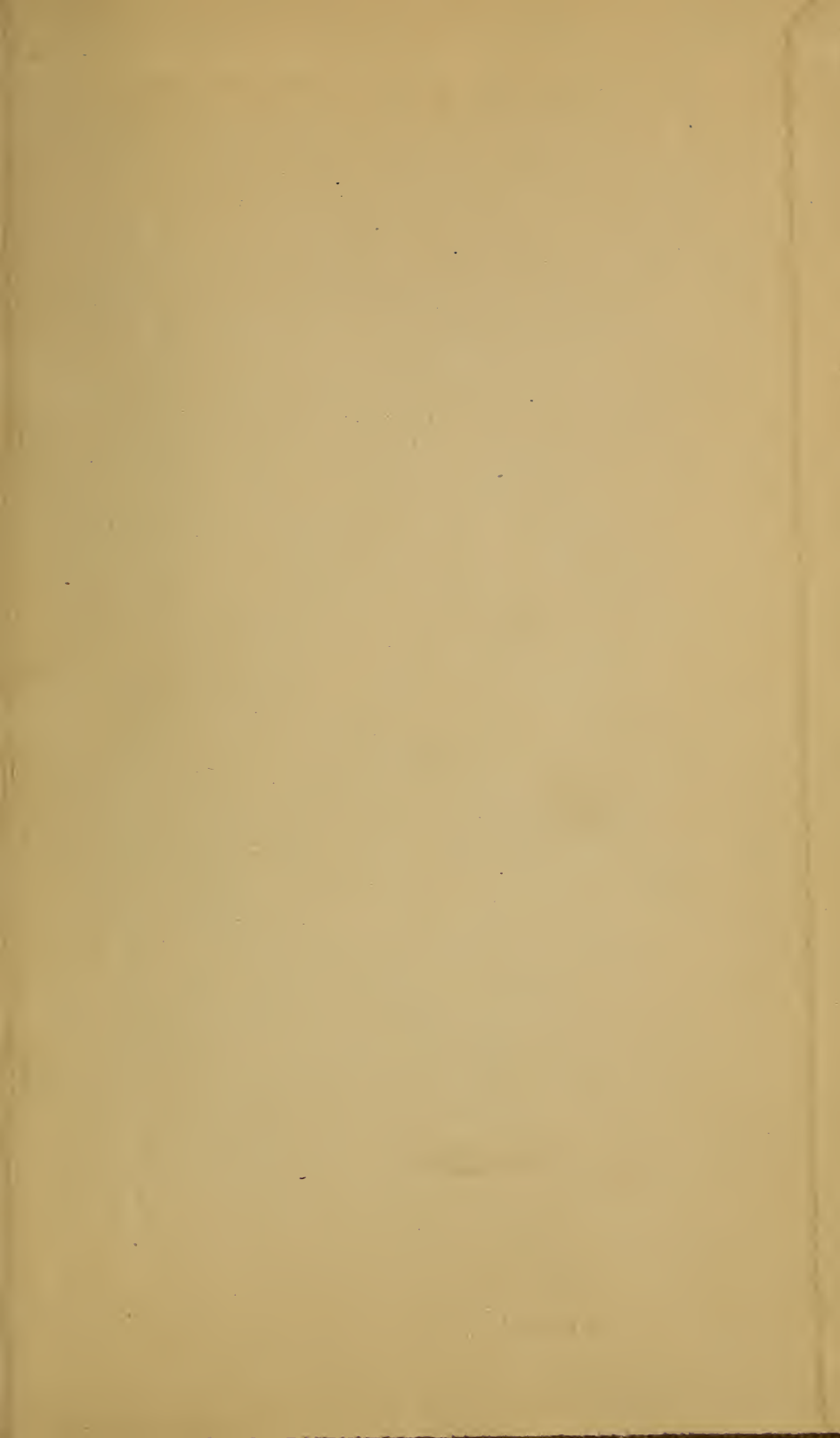
 H why, my Mæcenæ, thus languishing, quell
The last spark of my life, can I bid thee farewell?
No, the gods have forbid that I still linger on,
When the pride and the prop of existence are gone.
When my soul's better portion hath bowed to the blow,
Shall the sever'd and worthless pine after it—No.
I have sworn that this true heart thy fate shall pursue,
And forget its own throb, to be pulseless with you.

If an earlier summons e'er bids thee depart,
My soul shall be with thee wherever thou art;
Nor shall fiend of the hundred hands, nor shall the breath
Of the fiery Chimæra divide us in death.
Whate'er constellation, fell Scorpion or Scale,
Or tempestuous Goat o'er my birth did prevail,
Oh, 'twill scarce be believed how our stars are combined,
How both justice and fate have our destinies joined.

But the swift wing of Fate, did Jove's kindlier star,
And the darker Saturnian destiny, mar,
When three cheers from the theatre echo'd for thee;
And this head had been crushed by that ill-fated tree,
But that Faunus, the guardian of genius, then threw
His right hand o'er the one that's now ling'ring with you.
Forget not the tribute of victim and shrine,
And the lamb, the more humble, be off'ring of mine.

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